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SATURDAY NIGHT

JULY 1, 1944

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

E FRONT PAGE

A Cowardly Device

(E Dominion Parliament last week, by one of the most cowardly devices in its history, ided over to any single provincial legislature the nine provinces the right to disfranchise, purely racial grounds, Canadian-born as ll as Canadian-naturalized citizens whose ial origin goes back to a country with which are at war. Fifteen votes in the Legislature Prince Edward Island would suffice, under Act, to disfranchise every native Canadian hree and four generations in Canada, whose al origin as defined for census purposes goes k to Germany, Austria or Italy, and who :out that fifteenth P.E.I. vote (there are 28 s in that Legislature) would still be a per- y proper and acceptable elector.

he Act was not of course intended to have, will not have, that result. It was intended gratify the province of British Columbia enabling its disfranchisement measure, long e applied to Japanese Canadians in B.C., to extended to Japanese Canadians in the eight er provinces without these provinces being sulted. It is profoundly dangerous in prin- e, involving the abnegation by the Dominion 'l right to determine who shall and shall not in its own elections, and involving also assumption that Canadian citizens can at time be deprived of their rights without inquiry into their individual character or avior, merely because of the racial origin their grandfathers. We predict that Can- will bitterly regret its adoption of both of se precedents.

ommon Sense

R. ILSLEY'S conduct as Minister of Finance has been characterized by a degree of com- n sense so uncommon as to be astounding. It ure common sense to abandon the compul- y savings device, which in principle has every ument in its favor except that it works ly. It is pure common sense to extend the allowances to illegitimate children and to atives-in-law. It is pure common sense not to k on any more taxes at this moment. It is ellent common sense to make the refund- e portion of the excess profits tax a valid ateral for borrowing. We still believe that nmon sense will some day, when he gets und to it, lead him to distinguish between capital payments and the interest or profit ment in annuities. Meanwhile we can assure n that the country loves him for his common se almost as much as for his courage and honesty.

he Bouchard Speech

R. BOUCHARD'S speech in the Senate on the Order of Jacques Cartier (whose de- iders are singularly un-eloquent on any sub- t except its relative unimportance) and his sequent dismissal from the chairmanship of Quebec Hydro are obviously parts of a vate fight among French-Canadians in which would be impolite as well as indiscreet for a iodical written in English to intervene. We not understand Mr. Bouchard to have been ling for the suppression of the Order or the ernment of its leaders. He was merely de- ring some of its tendencies, which he has right to do, precisely as those who admire se tendencies have a right to applaud them. at the general public should be enlightened to what those tendencies are seems to us a y good thing, and if Mr. Bouchard's descrip- n erred on that subject as it is alleged to ve erred on the subject of the strength and luence of the society it can very easily be t right by a little more information.

As regards the timing of the speech, how- er, we cannot avoid the conviction that it was judged from the point of view of the very erests which Mr. Bouchard most desires to ve. It would obviously not have been made any time while he was still a member of a Quebec Government. There was surely little reason why it should be made the instant that he became a member of the Senate. Whatever its effect in the long run—and taken in conjunction with the fact that he sacrificed by making it a position worth some $15,000 a year that effect may be beneficial to his cause—its effect at the moment can hardly be other than to strengthen the hands of the Nationalist element to which the Senator has always been strongly opposed. The incident deprives the Quebec Hydro of a public servant of great competence, and throws a lurid light upon the question of the effect of increased public ownership upon political freedom. The more numerous the business enterprises taken over by the state, the more numerous become the positions in which men are not permitted to express with freedom their views upon subjects of great public interest. Mr. Bouchard is no less able and no less honest than he was last week, but last week he was possible as the head of a great public enterprise and this week he is not.

The *Globe and Mail's* idea that Mr. Bouchard cannot be fired from his Quebec Hydro employment on account of a speech because that speech was made in the Senate is interesting but highly unconvincing. As a matter of fact nothing would do the country so much good as to have eight or ten Senators fired by their employers (the shareholders who elect them to directorships) for making speeches critical of the sacred cows of Bay street and St. Francois Xavier street; but the *Globe and Mail* would never raise a chirp of constitutional protest in that event. We think the province of Quebec will eventually be sorry that it fired Mr. Bouchard, but we do not question its right to do so, and we shall not join any campaign to amend the B.N.A. Act in order to put him back.

The Kaleidoscope

THE SHIFTING of political alignments and attachments since the Saskatchewan election is already nothing short of amazing. The Social Credit members of the Commons have suddenly developed a deep admiration for Mr. Coldwell and Mr. Gillis, and can be heard hear-hearing them at almost every sentence. The Progressive Conservatives have embarked upon what looks like a complete house-cleaning, as a result of which Mr. Bracken may quite conceivably cease to be a dominant force in the party councils, and a retired president of a trust company (admittedly a very forward-looking and liberal-minded president) may become profoundly influential. The Liberal reaction is less visible, for the Liberals are somewhat preoccupied with running the Government, and anyhow they, unlike the parties already mentioned, have to await an-

(*Continued on Page Three*)

In this war of movement the fighting calls for the type of alert resourcefulness usually associated with Commando troops. Canadian soldiers like these advancing through a French town know that the enemy may be anywhere at any time,—in front, beside, or even behind them. In the advance west of Caen, troops were often forced to fight for each house and each street in some of the towns that were overrun.

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Photo by W. S. Kals.

DOROTHY GRETCHEN STEEVES, M.L.A.

NAME IN THE NEWS

Mrs. Steeves May Be Canada's First Woman Minister of State

By COROLYN COX

THERE is much talk these days about Canadian women going into politics. The assumption is that they both wish to and should do so on the grounds that it constitutes to-day a form of public housekeeping which is every woman's duty, and for which she should be peculiarly fitted to render service to her family and to her country. Translated into realistic terms, this sort of service has certainly established a mark to aim at in the political accomplishment of Dorothy Gretchen Steeves, Member of the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia. Mrs. Steeves has pioneered a new political party, stuck with it until to-day, and that party to-day constitutes the official opposition in the provincial Legislature. Mrs. Steeves as one of the three original members of her party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, plays an important role in the government of her province. It is taken for granted that should her party come into power in the not-too-distant future, she would become the first woman Cabinet Minister in Canada. At all events, her contribution to date is outstanding among Canadian women.

Dorothy Steeves was born in Amsterdam, Holland, fifty years ago, of a Dutch father, who was a doctor, and an English mother, who had been a teacher. She grew up speaking two languages simultaneously—Dutch and English,—consequently sees no reason why Canadians would be the worse for really mastering both English and French in ALL provinces in Canada. Most schools in her country were government operated, some requiring fees, all open to everybody and co-educational. After the Classical Gymnasium, she went to the University of Leyden, specializing from the start in Law and Economics. She finished the six years required for her degree in 1916 and was thus qualified to register as a barrister and spent the next six months practicing law in The Hague. The war was on, and she was then given a post as legal adviser to the Dutch Government in its bureau of distribution of foodstuffs and other necessities. This was a set-up not unlike our Wartime Prices and Trade Board of to-day, and rationing was in force.

Always interested in international affairs, Mrs. Steeves hoped for a League of Nations post, but in 1918 Captain Rufus Palmer Steeves came into the picture. From New Brunswick, and a veteran of the Battle of Ypres, where he was taken prisoner, he escaped across the border from German-occupied Belgium into Holland in an exchange of prisoners effected between the Allies and the Huns. Eight thousand officers and men on each side were involved. The men were settled in barracks, the officers put up in rooms and hotels, the Dutch Government being reimbursed by either side for maintenance of its nationals until the end of the war. Captain Steeves was therefore free to roam about Holland, where he met Dorothy Gretchen Biersteker, married her on October 3, 1918. Directly the Armistice was signed Captain Steeves was put in charge of a Red Cross depot on the border, through which streamed the exhausted Canadian and British troops as they left German prison camps.

Public Speaking Easy

When they got back to Canada in 1919, Captain Steeves took a teaching post in Vancouver as Vice-Principal of Lord Roberts School and was subsequently appointed Principal of General Gordon School, a position which he has held ever since.

Dorothy Gretchen didn't have much difficulty in finding her place in Canadian life. English was a native language for her, as she had visited England about once a year from childhood. She had always been under the influence of progressive professors and was socialistic in her outlook. Public speaking was always easy for her, and she was soon talking to women's organizations and various groups on art, book reviews and other cultural subjects. She contributed energy and enthusiasm to University Women's Club, Women's International League for Peace, League of Nations Society and the like. She took a lead in the fight to raise the salaries of teachers.

Came the depression, and Dorothy Steeves watched men lose their jobs and social insecurity appear on all sides. In 1931 she helped organize in Vancouver the League for Social Reconstruction, a group of middle-class people with socialistic viewpoints, who read up on social and political questions, threshed out the meaning of the public ills they found around them. Their object was research, but that in itself was inadequate. It was necessary under the increasingly deteriorating conditions to DO something. They formed the Reconstruction Party, along with student organizations and others in Toronto. Then the late great J. S. Woodsworth inspired the assembling of these widespread socialistic groups into one organization, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, born in Calgary in 1932.

Learns Campaigning

In the first election of the new Party in 1933 Dorothy Steeves contested a Conservative constituency, took a beating and learned her first stout lesson in political campaigning. In a 1934 by-election in North Vancouver she went at it again. Result of that contest was announced to the then leader of the C.C.F. party, the Rev. Mr. Connell, in a wire which read: "It's a girl." Mrs. Steeves then went into the B.C. Legislature as one of the original seven CCF'ers elected and has held her seat continuously ever since. When the split occurred in the group Mrs. Steeves remained with the two Winches as The Party in Victoria, the Famous Three who have never been defeated. In 1937 their ranks swelled to seven, and in the 1941 General Election they came back strong with 14, won two more seats in by-elections and thus were established as the Opposition. In the present Government both old parties combine in a coalition, with the CCF opposing alone.

Mrs. Steeves' special interests have been education and cooperatives. In 1936 she introduced a Credit Union Bill that was defeated. However, the idea spread, became continually more favored by the people of the province, and by 1938 the Government was convinced of its necessity and brought in the present legislation that has resulted in over a hundred Credit Unions being established in B.C.

University Reform

University reform is another question that agitates Mrs. Steeves. She feels that the University of British Columbia gives too little service to the people of the province in return for the half-million-dollar grant it receives from them. It is, like other Canadian universities, she thinks, too largely dominated by its Alumni and Faculty. She is a prime mover in Parent Teacher organizations and in Labor matters for women. She had long advocated a minimum wage for domestic servants, who are at present excepted from the minimum wage law of the Province.

Back in 1937 Mrs. Steeves asked the provincial Government to stop the export of war materials to Japan. Subsequently she opposed all the "Appeasers" in general in Europe, Chamberlain in particular. In 1939 she came out flat-footed with a speech against "Imperialism" for which she was widely criticized. Her record in the war is that she has given her country everything. In 1942 her only son, Hugh, aged 23, a fighter pilot, was killed over Europe. Her husband is back in the service, commissioned as a Major.

Mrs. Steeves loves a political fight, enjoys public speaking and writing. She has the courage of her convictions, is quite prepared to take her stand on the unpopular side of issues about which she feels strongly, has seen the public change more than once coming round to where she stood. At the moment she does not care who knows that she is opposing the wholesale repatriation of the B.C. Japs after the war. She stands out among the few Canadian women of Parliamentary experience.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Much Abuse of English Language in Press as Well as on Radio

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE abuse of our language occurs not only on the radio but in the press. New words we must have to describe new things, but the custom of a certain type of modern writer, to mutilate words in order to make them different or more sensational, and coin others to shock our feelings, is deplorable. The following are culled from a local paper:

"Educationalist". Why not educator?

"Endortioner". Why not endorser?

"Zealousness". How about zeal?

"Pianized". This must be a newcomer; of German extraction?

"They prepared to festivalize the music". We may shortly expect "cornetized" and "fiddle-ized".

"Amazed." Nobody is ever surprised, astonished or astounded now. Such words are becoming obsolete for want of use. "Amazed" is used until it has lost its force. This craze to be different implies a lack of education, a paucity of words, because there are many words in our language which mean practically the same thing.

If the present custom of abusing the English language continues we cannot expect strangers to understand English "as she is wrote" in Canada.

Toronto, Ont. HENRY GRAVES

Meaningless Words

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I AM amused at the reply of Mr. Brodie to Mr. Langley's objections to broadcast English. He carefully avoids comment on the most objectionable words and phrases used, which even he cannot excuse.

Is "styled" any more "living" than "arranged", or "in back of" as simple as "behind"?

Many modern and North American words and phrases are very much alive and worth keeping, but I think it is the duty of those in whose hands lies the preservation of the English language to see that it is not debased to meet a momentary popular taste.

When I hear how the adjective has been prostituted to commercial uses so that we are left with only one meaningless word with which to express admiration for anything from the Rocky Mountains to a hot-dog, and from a hero to an ice cream, I despair of North American English and wish they would drop the word English from it.

Digby, N.S. E. E. SCOTT

R.A.F. Boys Like It

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MY R.A.F. boys here go for SATURDAY NIGHT almost as quickly as for *Punch*, and you know that's saying a lot for English people. I take my copies either to the canteen or to No. 31 P.D. Hospital. There too they go through many hands. It is by these means that so many of the boys are learning to know what this great country is and stands for. I have had nearly four hundred in my home, and about half want to come back, many to enter university and from it to settle in this land of their choice. So, out of great evil, much good will come.

Moncton, N.B. (MRS.) AUDREY POPE.

More Mistakes

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

WITHIN the last year or so mistakes in English by announcers from radio station CBL, which is operated by the CBC, have been so frequent that the Guelph Board of Education, to which I have been elected in the meantime, passed several resolutions and sent them to the Corporation, and at its request gave examples and the names of the announcers. The poor English continued.

The following are a few samples of English used by broadcasters from CBL: "appellate" pronounced as if an apple had been eaten; "the disease is letting up"; "Cossack" with the accent on the last syllable; "without let-up"; "juvenile" pronounced "juvenal"; "heighths" instead of "heights"; "aliens" pronounced alleyans.

There has been some improvement since the resolution of the Urban School Trustees' Association at St. Catharines on May 17, protesting against news announcers "using poor English and mispronouncing words", but mistakes are still being made.

Guelph, Ont. HENRY HOWITT

Language Problem

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I READ your editorials attentively and with the respect they deserve; but I do feel that "A Language Problem" in the issue of June 24 leaves something to be desired.

"Vespasiennes" they may be labelled, and "Vespasiennes" they may be; but to the native Montrealers of my day they were known as "Camilliennes", after another wise and beneficient ruler who appears to be emerging from temporary eclipse. You are also guilty of a slight inaccuracy in stating that only the architecture and signs on the structures give a clue to their purpose. They do not share the negative characteristic attributed by the Roman emperor to money.

Lastly, I think that in calling for a boycott you ask a great deal of the English-speaking population. There is a limit to the sacrifices which may be demanded of the public even in great causes.

Ottawa, Ont. PECUNIA PURA

Original Sin

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THESE days of Modernism it is refreshing to have a great weekly paper acknowledge its belief in original sin. In your issue of June 10 you say: "It is perfectly natural that they should want an occasional drink." Certainly it is perfectly natural as a result of ignorance, debased social custom, and the power of a formed habit.

On page 80 of "Palestine on the Eve" Ladislas Furago shows that as a result of education, reformed manners and genuine patriotism it is perfectly natural that "they" should not want an occasional drink.

He says Tel Aviv is a boom town. It is but thirty years old. It has now 150,000 people, and houses at least forty nationalities. It has but one saloon. During 1943 it had but one case of V.D. It had a mere five arrests for drunkenness during that entire year; these were all English policemen for whom, as a result of a different background it was "perfectly natural" to have an occasional drink.

(REV.) CHARLES JOHNSON
Grand Pré, N.S.

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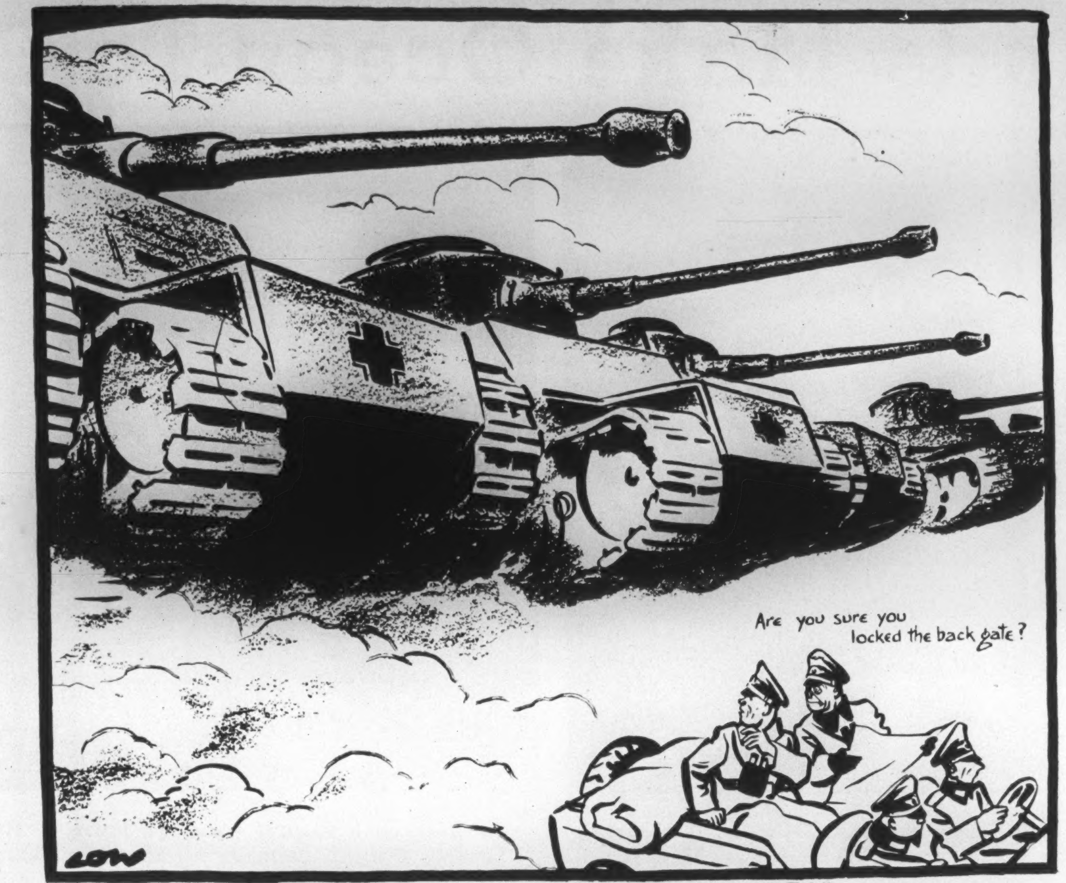
The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

other event, the Quebec election, before they will be in a state to estimate their own position and reform their lines. It is hardly likely that Senator Bouchard's amazing outburst in his maiden speech represents any trend in the party councils or had any connection with party headquarters. But there is an impressive amount of running to and fro between Ottawa and Provincial Capitals, and the Reform Clubs are simply buzzing with activity.

The action of the Progressive Conservatives in tossing Quebec into the discard in order to improve their position (which admittedly needs it) in other Provinces is probably, from the Liberal point of view, a more interesting development than even the Saskatchewan election itself. It will make it extremely difficult for any French-speaking members from Quebec to co-operate with any other party than the Liberal, even if they do not admit to being Liberals themselves, in the next Parliament. In the present Parliament the Quebec French can be as independent as pigs on ice, for the simple reason that nothing that they do can throw the reins of power into any other hands than those of Mr. Mackenzie King. But in a mixed Parliament they will have to consider very carefully whom they will be voting for if they vote against Mr. King.

They are not likely to do anything that would bring into power a Socialist party such as the C.C.F.; and after the McTague speech they are equally unlikely to do anything that would bring into power a party which is practically going to the country on a platform of teaching Quebec what's what. There remain the Social Crediters and the Communists; the former will quite probably be snuggling up with the C.C.F. by that time, and the latter are under the clerical ban. So it is impossible to see anybody with whom the sixty-odd French members can associate if not with Mr. King. That their terms for that association will be as costly as they can make them is obvious; but when you have only one buyer you cannot be very extortionate. Mr. Bracken or his successor could probably secure enough Quebec members to hold the requisite French-Canadian portfolios, just as Mr. Borden did in 1911, if he were otherwise in a position to form a Government; but he could never hope to secure more supporters than he could look after with the available offices, and unless he had the support of nearly half the House already that would not do him much good.


Are you sure you locked the back gate?
LOW

"CONCENTRATION IN THE AFFECTED AREA"

Property Rights

THE UKRAINIAN Labour-Farmer Temple Association was declared an unlawful association in 1940, by the powers temporarily vested in the Government of the Dominion by the Wartime Measures Act, and its property was taken charge of by the Government. It was not dissolved, and it did not cease to be the owner of the property. (These two facts have been fully recognized by the subsequent action of the Government in making it again a lawful association and providing for the return of the property.) It was temporarily prevented from functioning, owing to wartime conditions, and its property was temporarily held in the custody of the Government. The Government for a period of about two years was the trustee in charge of the property. (This fact is equally recognized in the recent action of the Government in accounting to the branches of the Association for the property or the proceeds of its sale.)

Unfortunately certain officers of the Government, during the early months of the trusteeship, completely misunderstood the nature of their functions. They appear to have believed that the property had reverted to the Government in full ownership, and that there was no obligation on them to preserve it in the best interests of the U.L.F.T.A. On their own judgment and responsibility, and without the order of any court or indeed any judicial proceedings, they destroyed a large quantity of property in the form of books (the vast majority of which were well-known classics and have never been even claimed to be unlawful), and they sold some hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of real estate at ridiculously low prices. Some of the books were burned, and for these no compensation is offered; some of them were sold to a waste-paper dealer for pulping, and for these and for the sold real estate the Association is now offered the price received, less certain rather heavy charges for administration.

It is the belief of this journal that the property rights of the U.L.F.T.A., an association which was perfectly lawful in 1939 and is perfectly lawful today, entitle it to compensation for the losses caused to it by the improper actions of officers of the Dominion Government, and that if it is not so compensated the entire system of property rights in this Dominion will have been gravely weakened.

A CCF Daily

WE HAIL with unqualified enthusiasm the announced intention of the CCF to establish a daily newspaper—provided only that it be established in Saskatchewan, where there is a CCF Government whose actions it will never be allowed to attack and whose policies it will always have to defend. The Social Credit party tried the business of running a completely government controlled newspaper in Alberta, and the result was exactly what will be the result in Saskatchewan.

A reasoned and reasonable faith in the policies of a political party is a perfectly proper quality in a newspaper, but unless it is accompanied by sufficient independence to criticize the party when it commits an error, the newspaper becomes nothing more than a party bulletin, and has no claim on public confidence, and no power to command public respect. The great and powerful party journals of Canada have never been "owned" or even directed by their parties; they have often been little less influential than the leaders themselves in the determination of policy. No journalist of courage and responsibility would accept the post of editor of a newspaper which must always be the mere echo of the opinions of the party councils in which he himself can have no weight. We hope Premier Douglas brings on his mouthpiece as soon as possible.

Helping Socialism

WE ARE not sure that Mr. Ilsley fully realizes the extent to which the current taxation policies of this Dominion are favoring socialistic as against individualistic enterprise; or he may realize it but feel that nothing can be done about it so long as the needs of war expenditure are so pressing. In the Commons the other day Mr. MacNicol was discussing the problems of the Reconstruction Department just set up by the Government, and mentioned a number of worthy and beneficial undertakings which would be possible after the war as means of providing employment. Among others he mentioned the large plans of the Toronto Transportation Commission, but about these he was able to say something which he could not say about any privately-owned enterprise: "Fortunately they (the Commission) have a lot of money on hand which they have saved out of their present revenue."

No private enterprise is permitted by the Finance Minister to save a lot of money out of its present revenue, unless it is saved by the method of depriving its owners of the dividends to which they have been accustomed and which are still being earned; for if the profits of such an enterprise show any increase it is immediately regarded as an excess resulting from the happy accidents of war, and is subjected to one hundred per cent taxation. The twenty per cent rebate to be paid on this taxation after the war is about the only form of reserve which a private company can now accumulate, whereas a public-ownership concern (which does not need such reserves to anything like the same extent because it can always finance new capital expenditure on the public credit) can accumulate all that it wants to and Mr. Ilsley has not a word to say about it.

The T.T.C. will be in a splendid position to go into the helicopter business in a big way after the war if Mr. Howe does not prohibit it from doing so because it also operates on the ground; and if he does it can start its own factory and build its own buses, or extend new bus lines all over the Province of Ontario. It does not have to worry about the one all-important thing—where is the money to come from? Private enterprise will have to float new securities for every capital expenditure it undertakes, at a time when prospects will be a bit uncertain. Yet new capital expenditures will be the thing that the country most needs.

The taxation policy of the Dominion has already produced a huge extension of public ownership in Quebec, the last Province where it was to be expected; it is certain that it will not fail to produce a similar extension elsewhere.

Reciprocity in Art

IT IS a good thing that Canadian interest in Soviet art seems to be reciprocated by a corresponding appetite for Canadian art in Russia. We are pleased to hear that David Oistrakh (the Soviet Heifetz) is including several Canadian compositions in his repertoire. The National Council for Canadian-Soviet Friendship is doing all it can to satisfy the Soviet demands. At this moment Mr. A. Y. Jackson is preparing a selection of seventy-five Canadian paintings to be sent to various art schools in the Soviet Union.

The Chairman of the Literature Committee of the National Council, Professor E. J. Pratt, Canada's foremost poet, recently decided to cement Canadian-Soviet cultural relations by sending a cable to Nicolai Tikhonov, his opposite number in the U.S.S.R. He told him how thrilled he was to read a poem paying tribute to the leader of the Leningrad workers, and how much he appreciated several of the Russian's ballads. In his reply, Mr. Tikhonov said that the fact that a huge distance separated him from his Canadian colleague meant nothing since their hearts belonged to a single cause. He added a plea for books of Canadian poetry, promising to send in turn Russian verse to Canada. We hope that this is the beginning of a fruitful association of Canadian and Soviet writers.

The Passing Show

"STRANGE Fruit" has been banned by the Toronto Public Library, but so many people have three dollars these days that that seems like a very inadequate way of suppressing it.

•

Somebody should tell the Society for Individual Freedom that Tim Buck was forcibly prevented from holding a meeting in Quebec City last week. We feel sure they would do something about it.

•

"A stingy man eventually gives himself away."—Kitchener, Ont., *Record.* Yes, and no great loss either.

•

Tim Buck has informed the new Government of Saskatchewan that it must not regard its victory as a mandate to do anything for Socialism. Nobody is allowed to do anything for Socialism except the Communists and they won't do it.

•

The invasion is said to be taking the German people's mind off the retreat in Italy. And the Russian push will take their mind off the invasion, and eventually they can get around to Italy again.

•

Thirty-four Progressive Conservative candidates in Saskatchewan lost their deposits. Or at least somebody lost the deposits of thirty-four Progressive Conservative candidates.

•

Obviously the Germans intend to throw up their hands as soon as the Allied forces get near enough to Germany to throw buzz-bombs.

•

The Advisory Committee on Reconstruction says that 92 per cent of Canadian farm homes have no bathing facilities. This is unjust; they all have a kitchen stove and a tin bathtub.

•

Lawn Maker

Earnestly, on his knees,
Forgetful of the evening breeze
Which bears the heavenly odors of the Spring,
My neighbor bends him sternly to one thing,
One task, which he forever may rely on,
The abolition of the dandelion.

He shudders at the scene
Of golden patens on the green,
Which bring to me ineffable delight.
He roots them out with all his manly might,
So that his fancy grasses all must grow
Set in an ordered, regimental row.

What can I say of him?
No criticism dark and grim.
He's a good neighbor—far as goodness goes.
And yet, to me, the fairest flower that blows
Is not more fair than these he would put down,
The sequins Spring has sewn upon her gown.

J. E. M.

•

The Germans' secret weapon was a better weapon when it was secret.

•

This discussion about whether we should melt down and recast Big Ben leaves us cold. Let's get on with the business of melting down and recasting Germany.

•

Wasn't there a man named Hitler in Germany who used to make speeches?

•

Now that the Allies have taken Elba there is no chance of any Hundred Days for Hitler.

•

And there is the story of the young Dutchman who got into trouble for raising his right arm and saying, "Heil—O gosh, I've forgotten the name!"

•

The Japanese reply to the American Super-Fortresses is super-broadcasts about how many they have shot down.

•

The German retreat in Italy is explained as a matter of shortening the lines of communication of the armies. But it was so rapid that it also shortened their breath.

•

Liberals say the Saskatchewan election showed the Progressive-Conservatives to be "without significant support in Western Canada." And it doesn't look like any too sturdy a prop under the Liberals either.

•

Clark Gable has been released from active duty in the U.S. Army. Anything to boost female morale in war plants no doubt!

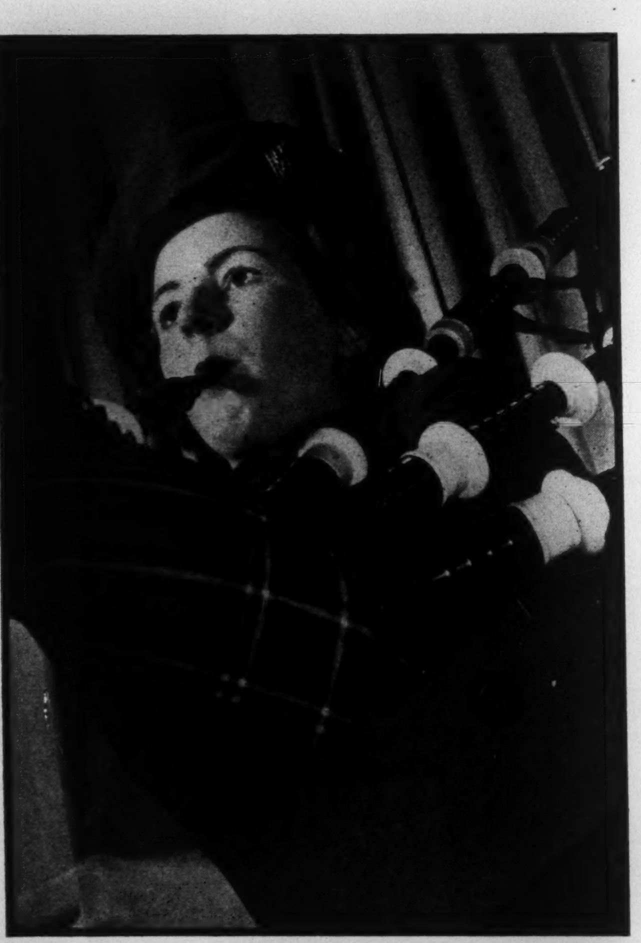
•

Wrens who are engaged in signalling have been given special permission to wear the standard type of sailors' trousers. Making them belle-bottoms, we suppose.

C.W.A.C. Bands Make Ocean-To-Ocean Tour

A spot of practice by the clarinet section: E. Fosh, Longbank, Sask.; F. Lizette, Winnipeg; M. Runchey, Hamiota, Man.; D. Hollander, Pincher Creek, Alta.; E. Johnston, Loon Lake, Sask.

At work on a musical score are Pipers I. Henderson, Fort William, Ont.; D. Holloway, London, Ont.; F. LaFramboise, Lancaster, Ont.; and Loretta Trowbridge of Lindsay, Ont.



Piper Beverley MacDonald of Vancouver, B.C., a member of the C.W.A.C. Pipe Band, is a true "Hieland" lass.

IT ALL started with a bagpipe and now the Canadian Women's Army Corps has, not only a Pipe Band of 27 pipers but a Brass Band of 50 C.W.A.C.'s along with it.

Three months ago these 77 C.W.A.C.'s and their assorted instruments, along with 2 C.W.A.C. officers began an ocean to ocean tour of Canada. They've played their way into the hearts of thousands of Canadians and "taken" many a town and city by storm. They are scheduled to appear in Toronto and vicinity from July 5 to 26, which includes points as far north as Timmins, North Bay and Kirkland Lake. The trans-Canada trek is being made in the interest of recruiting for the Canadian Women's Army Corps.

Each member of the group is an accomplished musician on her chosen instrument and not only do they play them but they keep them in trim too—all the brass polished and every little stop working.

Among the pipers, girls with the look of the heather in their eyes predominate but the personnel of the two bands represent practically every province in the Dominion.

The Pipe Band girls wear the regulation C.W.A.C. uniform with the exception of the cap, which is replaced by a Balmoral. A brown rosette backs the diamond-shaped C.W.A.C. badge.

And what would a pipe band be without girls to do the Highland Fling? Comely Doris MacDonald, Dorothy Holloway and Helen Stephen dance to the music of the band, and have drawn prolonged applause wherever they have appeared.

On the road the bands travel by train and bus from one engagement to the other. In the towns they visit, they march, like all good bands, treating the onlookers to as fine a show of smartness and good music as can be found in this country.

With their band it would appear that the C.W.A.C. has once again taken over a "man's" job in this war as so many individual C.W.A.C.'s have in practically every branch of Canada's Active Army of which they are a part.

Canadian Army Photos

Band Cpl. Ruth Saunders of Princeton, B.C., is one of the few euphonium players in the Corps' Military Band.

"Shining up the brass" are Bandswomen P. McLean, Edmunston, N.B., A. Dunne, Lanigan, Sask., and E. McDowell of Calder, Sask.

The girl behind the huge bass drum in the Pipe Band is Drummer Joan Turner of Vancouver Island, B.C.

At rehearsal, Bandmaster Nadia Svarich, Vegreville, Alta., leader of the C.W.A.C. Military Band, explains a passage.

Chicago Giving Lead In Outlawing Slums

By W. HAROLD CLARK

With slum clearance and low-rent housing projects proposed for Montreal, Toronto and other Canadian municipalities, the important step taken by Chicago in this direction and the results already achieved hold especial interest. This article is a factual account of the Chicago experiment, which has been remarkably successful so far.

The author is an executive of the Huron & Erie Mortgage Corporation and the Canada Trust Company, and an authority on this subject.

CALL it practical Christianity. Call it socialism on the move, or government interference, or plain common sense. It makes no difference. The fact still remains that 25,000 human beings, both black and white, now enjoy freedom. Freedom from rats, freedom from leaking roofs, freedom from the horrors, the disease, the degradation, of existing in the worst of the slums of Chicago.

Many American cities have tackled the problem of providing decent, healthy, clean, low rent homes for the "lower third" who through low wages, unemployment, sickness and other causes beyond their control live in many cases like swarming bees, in districts that are a disgrace to a young and vigorous nation. Perhaps no city, however, has made more progress than that great city of contrasts, Chicago.

"Postwar Chicago will be a city which has outlawed slums." These are more than mere words—this is a promise. It is the promise of Mayor Edward J. Kelley—a man of vision and a man of action. The four point postwar housing plan introduced by the mayor of Chicago and adopted unanimously by the city council is evidence of man's determination to carry his fight for freedom and decency into the decayed core of his cities.

Here briefly are the four points:—

1. The clearance of the city's slums which now house 241,000 families.
2. The rebuilding of the centre of the city into tree-lined neighborhoods for families of low and high incomes by both public and private enterprise.
3. Protection and conservation of the middle-aged areas.
4. Construction of 500,000 homes in the next generation, to meet the normal demand and to rehouse families from demolished slum areas.

The body directly responsible for the low rent housing program is the Chicago Housing Authority, consisting of five commissioners appointed by the mayor and serving without remuneration.

All Permanent Structures

There are two classes of low rent projects in Chicago. One is reserved for low income war workers and their families, and the other for those low income families, who formerly lived in the worst of the slum areas. Some of the projects were erected by the Federal Government and are leased to the Chicago Housing Authority, while others were built by the Authority itself.

All of the projects are permanent structures, which have been built to last at least sixty years. The buildings are of two types, some consist of three and four storey apartment houses, which are usually built so that the apartments will obtain the most sunlight. The others are called "row houses" and consist of two storey attached houses. Each house or apartment has a modern kitchen with a gas stove, electric refrigerator, sink and cupboards, and each unit is also provided with a modern three-piece bathroom.

It is not hard to imagine the feelings of some of the families when they first moved into these clean and modern buildings, and also for the first time possessed a kitchen and bathroom of their own. Many of them formerly had been crowded into one room and had been forced to share kitchen and bathroom facilities with two, three, four and sometimes as many as fifteen other people.

The largest project and one of the most interesting is the Ida B. Wells Homes. "Wellstown" as it is commonly called, is named after a negro social worker and houses 1,662 negro families. There are 125 separate buildings, consisting of three and four storey apartments, two storey row houses and administration and recreation building. The project covers approximately 47 acres. The increased happiness and improved health of the tenants of Wellstown and the other completed projects cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It is, however, of some practical importance to know how much the completed projects cost and where the money came from.

Local Cost Ten Per Cent

As a typical example, let us look at the figures of the Julia C. Lathrop Homes, which were opened in February, 1938. This development, consisting of 925 units, housed in 31 buildings and covering 35 acres of land, cost $5,221,972, which included cost of the land, demolition of old buildings and construction of the new buildings. The total development cost per unit was $5,645 and of this figure, $4,865 represented the actual construction cost of each unit. The Ida B. Wells Homes, which opened in January, 1941, cost a total of $5,045 per unit. Ninety per cent of the total cost of the projects is advanced by the Federal Government at a low rate of interest and amortized over a period of sixty years. The balance of ten per cent is raised locally, either by floating a bond issue or by any other method that is available. The contribution of the city toward the total development cost may consist of donations of municipally-owned land or its contribution may be in the form of tax exemption.

The projects of the Chicago Housing Authority are exempt from city taxes but the Authority pays to the city a service charge of from 3 to 5% of the revenue collected. This service charge in many cases amounts to almost as much as the city previously collected in taxes from the slum area, which has been replaced. If, however, the municipality did not collect any revenue whatever from the housing projects, it would still be good business from the standpoint of the city at large to replace the slum areas with modern fireproof buildings. This statement is based on the fact that municipal services are more costly for slum areas than for other districts.

It has been estimated that in New York, one-third of the criminals come from substandard districts which house only 10% of the population, while in Cleveland, 47% of delinquency originated in the slums. According to a survey made in 1933, a slum area in Indianapolis which contained only 10% of the city's population, absorbed 16% of the city's fire fighting services, and 30% of its hospital services. Careful studies have revealed that in three large American cities, the amount of taxes received from the slum sections was $50 less than the amount of funds spent directly in those areas for each of the inhabitants.

The Chicago Housing Authority, of necessity, adopts certain definite rules of admission to its low rent projects. There are three "musts," except in the case of projects used entirely for war workers, and these are:—

1. There *must* be children in the family (except for 10% of the units occupied by aged couples.)
2. The family *must* at present be living in a substandard dwelling.
3. The total income of the family *must* not exceed $1,200 yearly.

The rents that are paid by the tenants vary slightly in the various projects but generally speaking they run from $15 monthly for a two-roomed apartment to $23 monthly for a six-roomed unit. It often happens, of course, that the larger the family the less rent it can afford. This problem is solved by applying the principle "to each according to his need, from each according to his means." Family A may occupy a six-roomed apartment and pay only $17 monthly, while Family B, living across the hall and occupying a similar apartment pays $23. Does it work? Certainly it works!

When 19,000 families applied for admission to the 1,662 units of the Ida B. Wells project the fortunate ones didn't worry about how much their neighbors paid. These rents, incidentally, include gas, electricity, heat and hot water. It should be noted that due to wartime activity, some families have increased their income substantially and those in the higher brackets are asked to find accommodation elsewhere so that other families who are still in the lowest-income group may share in the benefits of public housing. In the meantime, they are asked to pay rent of approximately 20 to 25 per cent of the income received. In the low rent houses for war workers, whose incomes on the average are higher, the rents charged are also higher, but they are still based on the income received.

In many of the projects the tenants have organized activities such as dramatic groups, craft shops, health groups, community councils, etc. There is also, in many, a friendly spirit of rivalry in their efforts to beautify the grounds and to grow small victory gardens. A great deal of the responsibility for the cleanliness and general appearance depends upon the children and they, after all, are the ones who will ultimately benefit to the greatest extent from their new surroundings. It is, therefore, a source of tremendous satisfaction to the officials of the Housing Authority to observe the way in which the younger people of the "Children's Cities," as the projects have been called, respond to the opportunity that has been given to them.

Children Keep Grounds

Scout troops and girl guides in some cases accept the responsibility for keeping the grounds in order, other children's groups spend much of their spare time in handicraft classes, but perhaps the outstanding children's activity is the Lathrop Junior City where the children do their own disciplining and penalizing of youthful disturbers of the peace. Every Wednesday evening the children gather in their basement "courtroom" and hold their own court where a judge and a jury democratically chosen by the 2,000 children who live in the Julia Lathrop homes dispense justice. Youthful offenders, who perhaps have broken a swing, or torn branches from a tree are brought to the bar of justice and if found guilty are sentenced to a fine of perhaps five cents or are barred for a week from the common recreation room. These organized children's activities are invaluable in creating in their young minds a sense of their responsibility, of their interdependence, and of the obligations of the free citizen of the free community.

The well-kept grounds and buildings of the Chicago low-rent homes have answered in a very effective way the often-repeated statement that slum dwellers will create new slums wherever they go. Too many of us overlook the one important fact that the vast majority of people who hitherto have been destined to live in abject poverty have not been condemned by their own acts, but are victims of the system that has withheld so much from them, but which their sons are now fighting and dying to save. Surely equality of sacrifice demands some measure of equality of opportunity—even if only the opportunity to live in clean and decent surroundings where those of low income and their children will be able to grow and develop into healthy citizens of a socially healthy, dynamic, and victorious democracy.

Huge C-47 cargo planes, each carrying an army flying nurse and medical technician are taking men back to hospital from Normandy 3½ to 5 hours after they have been wounded. Each plane takes about 24 stretchers. The nurse's job is to see that wounded get any treatment required in transit, such as blood transfusions, sedatives, etc. Above: a nurse supervises the loading of patients from ambulance to plane. Below: flying nursing orderlies get zippered into their snug flying togs in a matter of minutes.

Below: Always on call, nurses sleep under canvas at forward airfields.

Canada's First CCF Premier a Fighter

By P. W. DEMPSON

The Rev. T. C. Douglas, M.L.A., so very much in the spotlight today, is a vest-pocket sized bundle of aggressiveness and perseverance. He believes in short, strong attacks directly at the enemy. He hasn't administrative experience but he's sure that he can make Saskatchewan go forward.

THE big crowd in the Weyburn hall was tense. The young man speaking was slight, wiry; but his words were clearly intoned and forceful. And the people, most of them unemployed, were stirred by what they heard. Rev. T. C. Douglas was promising to take up the cudgels for them. He was a "right guy," they decided.

That meeting was the first of many Mr. Douglas, pastor of the Calvary Baptist church in Weyburn, addressed on behalf of the unemployed back in 1931, at the start of the depression in Saskatchewan. He became interested in their problems when he saw such large numbers of them losing their jobs. He realized that something had to be done about it.

M. J. Coldwell, a Regina school teacher at the time, happened to be passing through Weyburn one evening and stopped to hear Mr. Douglas speak. He had heard a lot about him. Mr. Coldwell was greatly impressed. He introduced himself after the meeting, and a close friendship was born.

Hon. T. C. Douglas

Mr. Coldwell informed the young clergyman of his political aspirations. Mr. Douglas admitted that politics had always fascinated him, too. But he was somewhat hesitant to take active steps, for fear that the gospel and politics would not mix.

From that day on, however, it was politics first for both of them. The two, although they did not realize it then, laid the foundation for a staunch political partnership — a partnership that was to lead eventually to the birth of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation movement, and to Mr. Douglas heading the first CCF government in Canada.

In winning 46 out of the 51 seats contested in the Saskatchewan general election on June 15, Mr. Douglas' group did what few people outside of Saskatchewan thought was possible. The premier-elect is now ready to take over the administration, and put into effect the many policies he outlined in the election campaign.

When interviewed the day after the CCF party had swept to power, Mr. Douglas said he did not propose "any radical legislation immediately. But the province will be reorganized gradually along socialistic lines."

Colorful

Slightly-built, bespectacled, 39-year-old Thomas Clement Douglas needs no introduction to the people of Saskatchewan, nor to the House of Commons at Ottawa. Both have known him for nine years as a young man well able to look after himself in debate or on the platform. He represented the federal constituency of Weyburn from 1935 until he resigned on May 31, 1944, to lead the CCF in the election in this province.

There is nothing dull about Mr. Douglas. He exudes color and personality. When a person meets him for the first time, he gives the impression that he is arrogant; but he is not. Possibly it is because of his appearance. He has a slightly turned-up nose. His hair is high on his forehead. His eyes are clear blue, almost like a woman's.

Vigorous in debate, fast in rebuttal, this minister whom a depression made into a political leader, is an eloquent, hard - hitting opponent when the going is hard. During the Bren gun inquiry in the House of Commons, another member, much bigger in stature, expressed a strong desire to "take a poke" at Mr. Douglas when upset by views enunciated by him. Mr. Douglas, not the least bit disturbed by his scant size, jumped to his feet and replied: "All right, let's go outside." The member looked at Mr. Douglas, smiled indulgently, and let it pass.

On the platform he has an ebullience quite unlike that of most politicians who give crisp, dour performances. He stands with his head flung back, one hand on hip, changing moods swiftly from gay and even broad humor, to scorn when he mentions big business and the parties that stand for "free enterprise".

If his sallies make a hit with the crowd, he springs them at the next town. This is the method followed in the show business, he claims, and it worked well on the hustings, too.

Aggressive

Mr. Douglas was never a puller of punches. It no longer surprises anyone to hear this former Baptist minister calling his political opponents sharp names. He believes in giving short addresses. "They go over better with crowds," he says. "I'd rather have an audience feel that they haven't heard enough than become bored with me talking too long."

Son of a gassed war veteran Mr. Douglas, who was born in Falkirk, Scotland, was six years old when his father came to Canada for his health. Tommy, as he prefers to be called, was educated in Manitoba schools. When he finished high school, he served as an apprentice printer and became a linotype operator with the Winnipeg Free Press. He joined the Typographical Union and still retains his membership.

When 20, he enrolled at Brandon College, affiliated with McMaster University, to study for the ministry. He excelled in debating, dramatics and oratory and was a gold medalist.

To help pay his way through college, he took preaching assignments in rural Manitoba. On one of these he met his wife-to-be in Carberry, the former Irma May Dempsey, of Brandon. They were married in 1930, and have one daughter, Shirley Jean, 10 years old.

After he had obtained his Bachelor of Arts and Masters degrees, Mr. Douglas took post-graduate work in the University of Chicago toward his Ph.D. degree. During this time he came into contact with many social conditions, which established in him a firm resolve that he was going to do something to improve the social and economic standing of the people. Since he had always championed the underdog, it was only natural that he should have taken an interest in the welfare of the unemployed at Weyburn.

Douglas' Hobby

Mr. Douglas' hobby is social welfare. For his M.A. degree, he wrote a thesis on mental hygiene and public health and has done much practical work in that field. That is why, in addition to being premier, he will look after the public health portfolio in the Saskatchewan cabinet.

In 1930, Mr. Douglas was called to be pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, in Weyburn. In 1933, after he had met Mr. Coldwell, he was one of the Saskatchewan delegates to the CCF national convention at Regina which gave birth to the CCF party and drew up its manifesto.

He resigned his pastorate shortly afterward, to devote full time to politics. He still does some preaching, mostly in the United Church; but only as guest speaker. "The Baptists just haven't taken to my being in politics," he says.

First election participated in by Mr. Douglas was in 1934. He was a candidate for the Farmer-Labor group in the Saskatchewan election, but was defeated. Not at all downhearted, he was nominated in 1935 to contest the Weyburn federal seat. He plunged into the campaign with the vim and exuberance with which he tackles any job, and was elected.

And now, after 10 years in political life, Thomas Clement Douglas is to become premier of Saskatchewan. He realizes that the rest of Canada will have its eyes on this province and the CCF, to see just what his government will be able to accomplish here. Mr. Douglas claims his party is the common people's party. His group intends to work toward the building of a new society based on what he terms as real freedom and justice.

"Saskatchewan is certain to go forward now," he says. "It will not be held back by the capitalists and big corporations who, in the past, made use of the province only to further their own interests."

Mr. Douglas has made his reputation as an orator and a debater. He has shown his skill as an energetic political leader. However, he is completely untried in the administration of public affairs.

But that is causing him no concern, for he feels certain he will be able to put his program into full operation. And, in addition, he intends to find time to help M. J. Coldwell and other CCF leaders make a bid for power in the federal house.

Training

Technical knowledge, technical ability, technical experience are all essential to successful estate management. Like the modern soldier, the modern executor needs long training. This is precisely why this trust company, with its organized facilities and trained staff, is in the best of positions to protect your family and your estate as your executor.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS
CORPORATION
HEAD OFFICE { 253 BAY ST. TORONTO

"Why talk to me about Old Age?
I'm only 40!"

Even if you are only 40—or 35 — here are some things you should know about growing old...

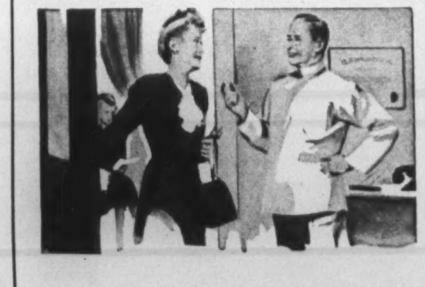
GARDEN
V FOR VICTORY

Since 1900, the average life span of Canadians has increased about 17 years—a wonderful record.

One result of this trend is that more people now live to a ripe old age than ever before. *Almost 800,000 Canadians are now 65 or older.*

However, the goal of medical science is not only to add years to your life, but also *life to your years.* Old age without good health can be a heavy burden . . . with health it can be useful and contented.

Doctors are doing wonders to help elderly people who suffer from the chronic illnesses of later life—such as diseases of the heart . . . diabetes . . . cancer . . . Bright's disease . . . arthritis.



But doctors know that the best way to be healthy at 50, 60, 70 and beyond is to take care of your health at much younger ages. The reason? . . .

Diseases common to later life seldom appear suddenly. They creep up gradually, quietly gathering force for a number of years before they strike or become disabling.

The moral: Now is the time to start taking care of your health—before you grow old. Visit your doctor regularly for medical check-ups. Give him the opportunity to discover conditions which might lead to later disability . . . to uncover diseases in their early stages when they may be arrested or cured. Let him advise you about correcting faulty habits or living conditions which may be shortening your life.

As you get on in years, the following suggestions will help you keep healthy and happy . . .

Keep your mind open to new ideas. A hobby is a wonderful tonic for mind and body—"always have something to do tomorrow." Remember that, with age, less food may be required, but it should be carefully chosen. Regular, undisturbed sleep is essential. Drink plenty of water to help carry off wastes. Get sunshine, fresh air the year round. Moderate exercise helps keep muscles firm, the circulation active.

At any age, good health is a priceless asset. Guard it in every way.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
NEW YORK
Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE:
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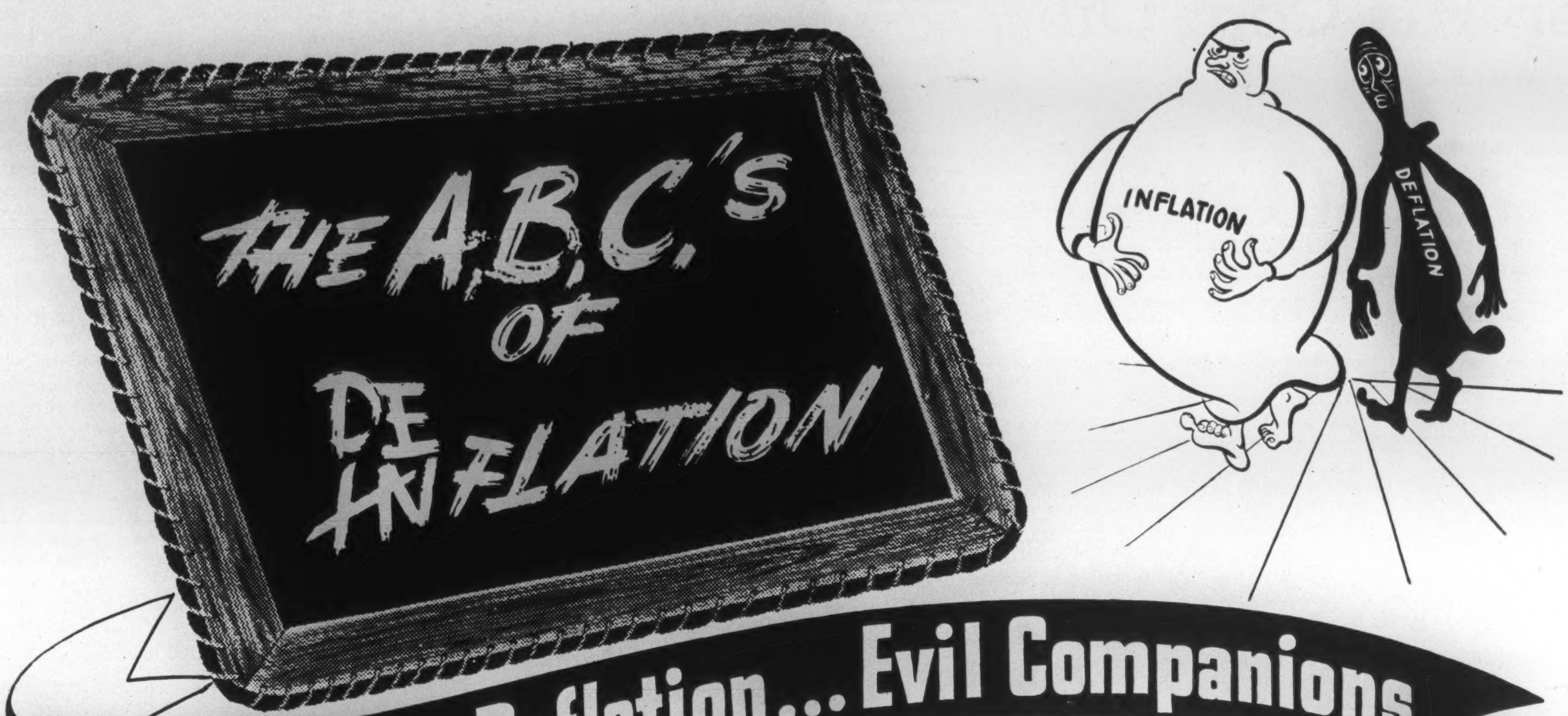
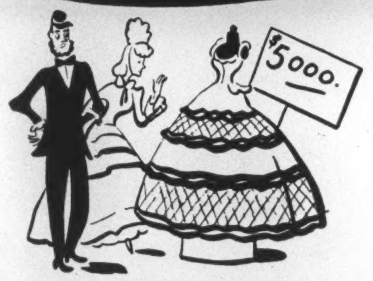
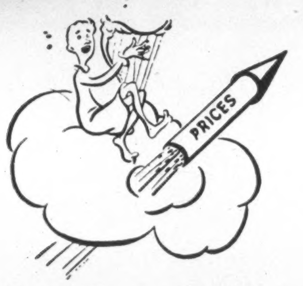
THE A.B.C.'s OF DE ~~IN~~FLATION



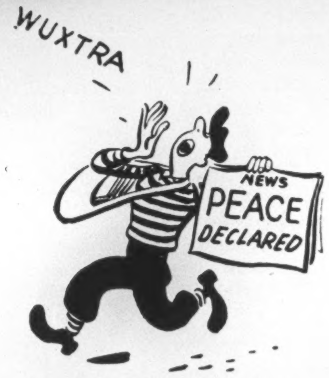
Inflation and Deflation... Evil Companions



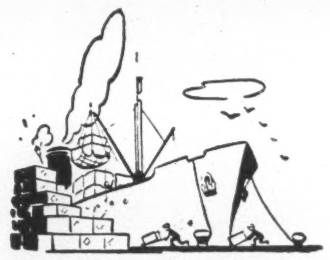
Past wars have always brought some degree of inflation.



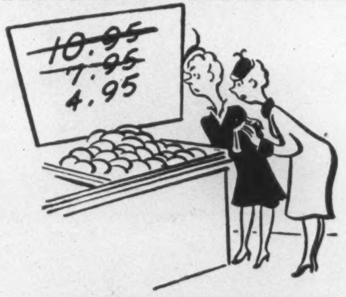
Goods were scarce...Prices and wages sky rocketted to unnatural heights.



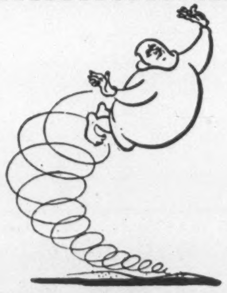
Then one day the war stopped . . .



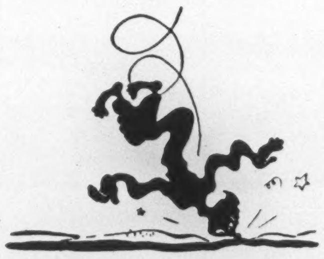
in due time goods became plentiful again



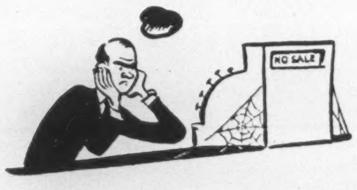
Scarcity prices could no longer be demanded



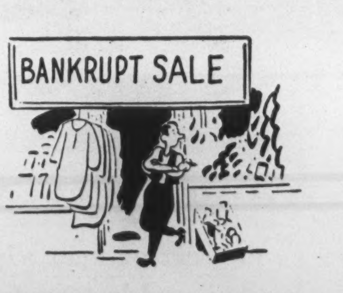
and "spiralling" prices went "pop"



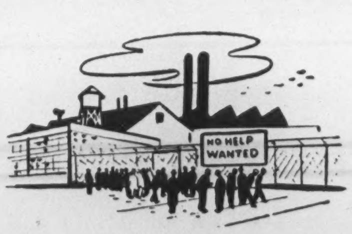
and came down with a bang



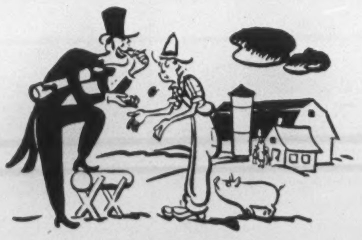
people stopped buying because they thought prices would go still lower



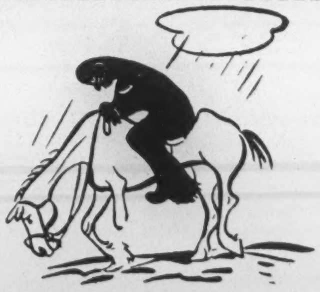
merchandise dropped in value—retailers went bankrupt



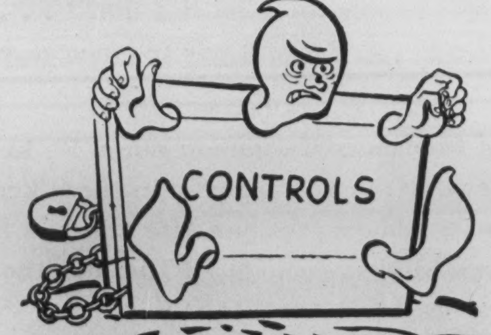
factories closed and unemployment followed



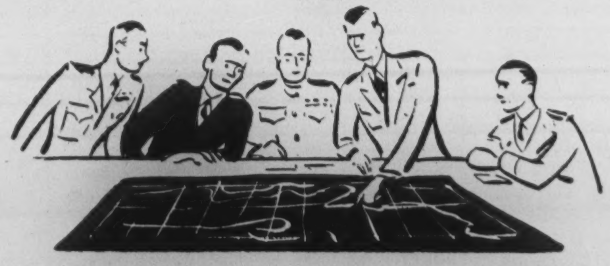
farms were foreclosed



distress was general and deflation was in the saddle.



That is why in this war prices are controlled—so that they will not ruin buyers in a rise or sellers in a slump.



Price ceilings—wage and salary controls—rationing—Victory Bonds—increased taxation—are all part of a grand strategy to head off Inflation—thus preventing Deflation.

PREVENTION OF INFLATION IS THE BEST PROTECTION AGAINST DEFLATION

LISTEN TO "IN THE SPOTLIGHT" RADIO PROGRAMME
EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT 7.30 p.m., E. D. T.

This advertisement is one of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.

"Tough Guy" Dewey Has to Keep His Coat On

By D. P. O'HEARN

Here in Canada, says Mr. O'Hearn, we know Thomas E. Dewey mainly as a gang-buster, and in his worst light as a public figure who isn't able to unbend to the people. If we knew his exceptional organizing and administrative ability we would know better why he has risen so quickly in the United States.

IF ADVANCE signs are ever right by the time this is read Thomas E. Dewey will have the Republican nomination for President of the United States. At the moment of writing he is only a contender, but potentially the strongest contender that the Republicans have yet found to throw against the champion Roosevelt. It would be foolish to predict that he will defeat Roosevelt, but it is equally foolish to sell his chances short.

Up here in Canada we have a common tendency to do just that, to sell Dewey short. Many of us don't look on him very seriously as a Presidential threat. To many, the ten-year rise of this neatly-clipped, neatly-moustached, neatly-egotistical little man from gang-buster to candidate for America's highest office is something that we can't understand. We can't understand his hold on the State of New York, or his mounting popularity in public opinion surveys. Politically we can't see his appeal as against Roosevelt, or as against Willkie.

The truth, aside from the fact that many of us are Rooseveltites or Willkieites and are afraid that any stranger might lessen the beautiful international friendship which these two have fostered, is that we know very little about Dewey.

We know the semi-fictional Dewey the gang-buster, but we don't know the man on whom most Republicans are pinning great hope in this first of recent years that the Republicans have had hope. We know very little about the present Governor of New York; about Dewey the man, Dewey the politician, Dewey the administrator. We will know more in future. Dewey's supporters didn't choose him by flipping a coin.

Those who know Dewey well, and the only ones that *know* him are those that know him well, say that he has one outstanding characteristic: he is abnormally tidy.

Tough But Tidy

In his office at the Capital in Albany he works in a very neat form of splendor. His office is not cluttered, everything is in place, his desk is small and is clear, and sitting behind it the Governor fits in perfectly. His hair is neat, his tie is neat, his suit is neat, his shoes are neat and underneath his underclothes are undoubtedly neat. He is in the same spotless condition as any of the not too comfortable chairs in his state drawing room.

In his day to day life he is just as much in order. Carefully scheduled appointments, a round of golf, exercise, two light meals and one heavy one, eight hours sleep come hell, high-water or a late conference.

This neatness is not a passion, it is an integral part of the man. In another it could be fussiness or fobbishness, but in Dewey it is instinctive efficiency. Efficiency combined with perfectionism, and it stamps every facet of him. It follows right down through his organization, through his contacts with other men, through his planning and campaigning. Even his speeches are well tailored and his conferences invariably end in agreement.

In contrast to the complex and over-lapping organization that always has surrounded Roosevelt the organization at Albany is just as precise as its leader's desk in comparison to the oft-photographed Roosevelt desk in Washington. Since assuming office at Albany, Dewey's great drive has been for efficiency, to eliminate over-lapping, to have jurisdictions well-defined, to eliminate bureaucratic fumbling.

Early in his reign a bad wave of dysentery broke out at Creedmore, a huge state mental hospital. Dewey wanted his Health Commissioner to go down and clean the place up, but the Health Commissioner stalled. "That," he said, "is the business of the Commissioner of Mental Hygiene". "Go on down," Dewey told him, and he did, with a staff that cleaned up the epidemic in short order. Similarly with all other departments his drive has been to get direct and prompt action. He looks on his organization as a team and he expects every man to definitely hold up his own end. He is the quarterback and plans the strategy and orders the plays, but he gives an unusual amount of responsibility to his subordinates.

These subordinates are a tower of Dewey strength and they are another tribute to his perfectionism. In selecting his cabinet and higher officials Dewey hasn't accepted any compromise. He has wanted only the best men, men whom he considered suitable for the job in mind, and he has got them. In doing so he has disregarded political favoritism and has made some bad friends, but he has built up an organization which is admired in all quarters.

He has picked mainly young men. Some of them are brain-trusters, but only to a mild degree even among the most extreme. The strong point about every higher official around Dewey, without notable exception, is that he is a practical man.

They Must Be Honest

Dewey has picked these men personally and has persuaded most of them to join him at considerabble sacrifice in income. He took more than a year to fill his Cabinet and a couple of posts are still held by Lehman men. With his higher officials, once he is sure of them, he drives with the rein free, though always in his hand. He keeps a finger on all departments but seldom interferes.

In the lower scale of government appointments Dewey has agreed to the taking on of political hacks, but with one important reservation: they must be honest. And when Dewey means honest, he means *honest*. He has had every applicant for a government position thoroughly investigated by the state police.

On the base of team-work he has built a good organization and conducted a good administration. Even his enemies don't criticize his administrative record severely. It hasn't been flashy or extremely liberal but it has been efficient and to a certain extent progressive. Personally the Governor is said to be conservative in finance and liberal in social philosophy and his legislative record pretty well reflects this. He hasn't made any major legislative moves but he has caulked many seams and put a few new planks in the state ship.

In finance he has done things like move the fiscal year ahead a few months and save about five hundred thousand dollars in interim financing. Socially he has cleaned up Workmen's Compensation and taken other mild steps. And he has walked a few paces with labor; enough so that the A.F. of L. has expressed itself as more or less satisfied, although the CIO is still deeply committed to the New Deal.

One outstanding fact in the legislative record however is that Dewey hasn't compromised with his political backers any more than he has in the matter of appointments. He has put measures through the Legislature that have on occasion deeply offended supporters. As one instance, before election he promised a reapportionment of electoral districts and he insisted on carrying it out even though it eliminated eight Republican legislators.

This "toughness"; belief in his own convictions and resolve to carry out his promises, is Dewey's second strong trait. It sometimes leads to the same "dictator" accusation that is thrown at Roosevelt, and in fact the two men are as strongly similar here as they are dissimilar in the matter of efficiency.

Organization has always been Dewey's greatest political forte. In his early elections for District Attorney he pulled out huge votes and his last time out topped the poll. In any campaign his strength in this line is a great compensating factor for his admitted political liabilities.

Chief among these, of course, is his lack of personality. The same efficiency which makes him a good administrator is his greatest liability in public life. To many people it just isn't human to be so neat and precise and when you stack up against such a "human" person as Roosevelt it means a lot of votes lost, or rather not gained. Recalling recent Republicans (Willkie excepted) this, however, would seem to be a G.O.P. failing, and one which hasn't been enough to keep the party out at certain times in the past. It is an important factor, though, and most certainly is realized and an effort is being made to build-up the human side of Dewey. It is a tough job. Even in semi-private life he is seldom warm, never apparently having found the knack, or thought it necessary, of becoming a good back-slapper.

After his defeat for the nomination in 1940, the only time he has openly sought office, political observers predicted that in future Dewey would change his tactics and they have been borne out. His present "draft" campaign is a return to his first conviction that he shouldn't seek office but that the office should seek him, and his campaigning has been more mature and with less bowing to established political practise so obviously foreign to him.

No Shirt-Sleeves

In his next campaign, for instance, it is pretty cerain that he won't be photographed on his mother's front porch in his shirt-sleeves. Even though it may be quite natural the voters have shown that they just don't believe things like shirt-sleeves of Dewey. And even though he runs a 300 acre farm, at a profit, it is doubtful if it will figure much in campaign plans.

It is expected that Roosevelt, if he runs, will run an "emergency" campaign. Under the stress of war he will remain at his desk in Washington waiting for the opposition to give him an opening for a last-minute attack.

To counter this the Republicans may be expected to prepare an attack which will centre mainly on internal administration in the United States, and without the country-wide rabble-rousing of the Willkie campaign. The approach may be expected to be more aloof, with mainly key-note addresses, and with both sides feeling for body blows rather than leading directly at the chin.

It is a campaign that is up Dewey's alley. The tactics he used in New York in 1942 were an aloof stand, depending on a political organization to get out the vote and spread the word, and also to dissect the enemy's record. Under his leadership with his organizing genius and his gang-busting experience it functioned admirably. Whether it will work as well on a nation-wide scale and whether Dewey can be sold in those states where at present he isn't known much better than in Canada, however, are questions, on which much of his future rests.

TALK IT OVER WITH A SUN LIFE AGENT FIRST

WHY TOM DOESN'T WORRY ANY MORE

Tom was a conscientious fellow . . . the sort of man who always wanted to do the best he could for his wife and his family. Honest with himself, too . . . and not afraid to ask himself awkward questions . . . "What will happen to *them* if I die?" . . . "What about the kids' education?" . . . "Who'll pay the mortgage on the home?"

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SUN LIFE OF CANADA

BRANCH OFFICE AND AGENCY SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

What Normans Think of De Gaulle, Petain

By MATTHEW HALTON

A fortnight ago Saturday Night printed the text of a radio broadcast by Matthew Halton, star war correspondent of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which told how the people of Normandy received the liberating invaders. In the following, also a CBC broadcast, Halton presents the Norman attitude towards "les sales Boches", Petain, De Gaulle, the Allies.

HERE in Normandy, a little, old woman said: "The Germans have often spoken to me. I have never replied by one word, M'sieu—not one single word." I asked her if the Germans had been brutal. "But no," she said, "far from brutal to people like me. They are all very correct in the Prussian way and I hate them all the more. It was pathetic the way they wanted us to love them. The Boche knows he is hated and he doesn't quite understand. He kills France and then wonders why we won't love him. Sometimes I found myself almost feeling sorry for our conquerors until I recalled their crimes against France and the world."

There was a rosy-cheeked, wholesome Norman farmer who said much the same. I asked him why the Germans hadn't stolen his fat cattle and his fat geese and he shrugged and said, "He's quite mad, the Boche. He has crazy ideas. He wanted us to like him and I've still got my cows. Of course, they had to leave the cows or we couldn't produce butter for them. They took most of the butter and eggs, except what I had hidden away, or gave to my friends. M'sieu, the Boche is a fool as well as an ape."

The little widow I spoke of is all for Petain. There are pictures of the old Marshal in the cottages with the caption: 'I was with you in glorious days—I am with you in dark days—stand at my side'. Many elderly people say that Petain was acting for the best. In 1940, he thought Germany was going to conquer the world and that France would be totally destroyed if she continued to resist. They hate Deat, Doriot and Laval but not Petain. The rosy-cheeked farmer felt somehow the same. "If you like Petain," I said, "you couldn't have thought much of De Gaulle."

"But why not?" he demanded. "We like De Gaulle—we love De Gaulle. De Gaulle was France—De Gaulle was our dream of France but for long we hardly dared hope the dream would come true. In the meantime we supported the old Marshal because we thought he was doing all he could for France."

Père de la Defaite

I explained that most of us believed that Petain was a defeatist—or worse. We thought he was animated more by desire for authoritarianism than by a love of France. The farmer thought it over and he wasn't sure. But the point is that there are people in France, especially in conservative Normandy, which hadn't suffered too much until now, people who can admire Petain and still be patriots. We have met several with this point of view, especially among the older ones, some of whom have seen France ravaged three times. But most of the people, young and old, have lost faith in Petain, if they had ever had it. They say fiercely, "Clemenceau wouldn't have tried to save France that way. In 1917, we had Clemenceau, Père de la Victoire—in 1940, we only had Petain, Père de la Defaite."

No doubt there are people in France who are sorry we have come. The fascists and quasi-Fascists—the people who still resent the Revolution—and now that these people have openly collaborated with the Germans, they know all is lost for them. They know the guillotine is waiting for them in Nantes, and Lyons, and Marseilles, and Paris. Apart from these, there are the ones who are comfortable and took the line of least resistance but I am sure that 80% of France is passionately glad we have come, even though we come at such a price. The German-controlled papers here have complained bitterly about people welcoming the Allied bombing, dying with 'God Save the King' on their lips and Roosevelt's picture in their pocket, as one said. And as I have already reported, on that first day in France we saw women laying flowers on the faces of our dead.

French Are Restrained

There have been no wild demonstrations, which has surprised some people. The French are highly civilized, adult, dignified people. They do not go hysterical at our coming as the Italians do. Moreover, they are notably the most precise and logical people in the world. They regard themselves as just as good as the British and Americans. They are full of warm admiration for the British stand in 1940 but they add, and who can deny it, that if there had been no English Channel in 1940, when Britain hadn't one fully equipped division, Britain would have fallen too. The French are not ashamed of France. You can't tell them they were rotten at the core, though they admit they were rotten at the top and this consciousness of theirs, that France is still a great nation, is perhaps the best proof that France is still a great nation. This attitude of the French—generally warm in their welcome but not hysterical nor even effusive, has impressed many of us. A Canadian officer with me said the other day, "You know, we at home certainly had some cock-eyed ideas about the French. There is more wholesomeness and dignity and courage here than I have seen anywhere. They are great people and this is a great country."

I have talked to several members of the Liberation Party, the French Underground, men, women and young boys and girls who have risked death and torture during these last few years. The Germans have been killing them at the rate of five thousand a year but the movement grew all the same. I wish I could tell you details about some of them, their names and their gallant stories—stories that outdo anything in secret service fiction. There was one who had blown up three ammunition trains, a young girl who had been in prison and had travelled across France six times with messages.

I met some of these people on a great day when De Gaulle and the citizens of Bayeux sang the Marseillaise together. A partisan leader said this about De Gaulle: "It is said that in some ways he is high-handed. It is said that he is dictatorial. It is said that he sees himself as a Messiah, the new Joan of Arc. I felt none of this when I met him. It may be true but the fact is, that since 1940 De Gaulle has been France. When the Germans are gone we French will examine De Gaulle and decide for or against him but meanwhile he is our leader—leader of France."

The most tragic thing just now is the damage that we have to do to drive the Germans out. The price of freedom is very high for France. There are many thousands of dead and wounded in Caen; small towns such as Caretan are in ruins, and when I say ruins I mean literally that there is nothing left but rubble. If we have to do this all the way to the Rhine, there will be nothing left of France. In some sectors especially, the big bombers are turned loose on any village from which any opposition comes. The French are taking this very handsomely so far but they pray that we win the battle soon. So do I.

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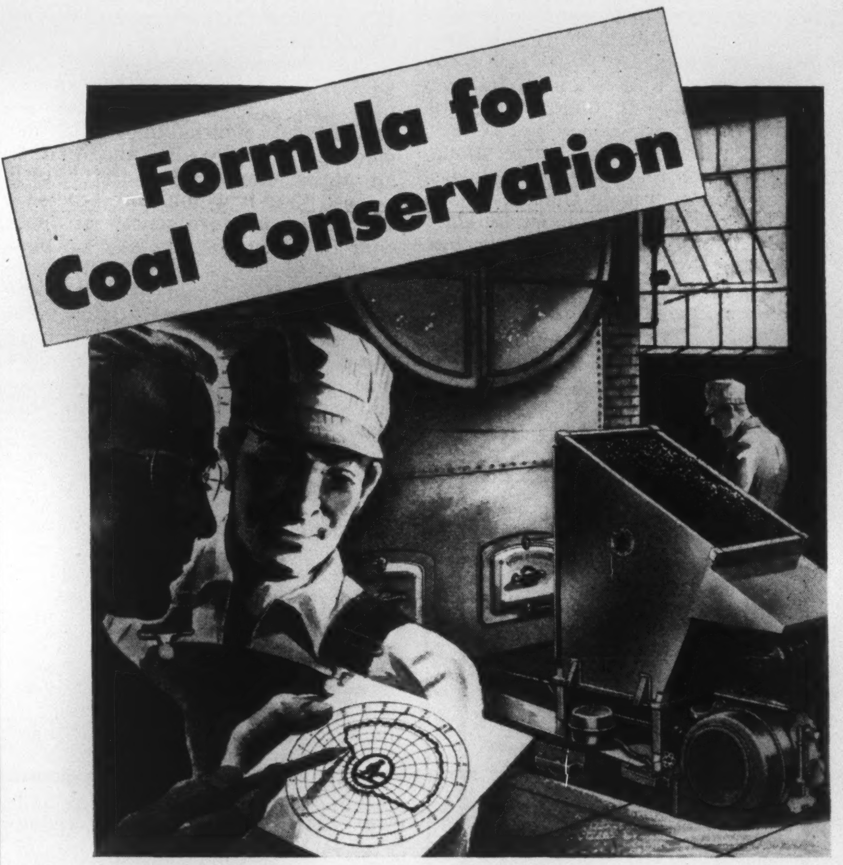

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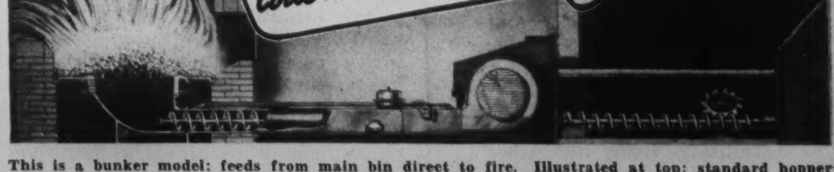

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Ottawa's Pundits Shaking Heads Over Mr. King and Baby Bonus

By G. C. WHITTAKER

OTTAWA'S long-standing loyalty to the legend of the Prime Minister's political wisdom is slightly shaken. Although there has been no doubt since parliament opened that he was going to do it, seasoned political observers in the capital find themselves shocked at his actually going through with his baby bonus plan. This is because they are as persuaded now, with the legislation actually before parliament, as they were when the plan was mooted last fall that it has poisonous potentialities. They are unable to figure how Mr. King can profit politically from it, and cannot understand his taking the risks which to them appear to attend it.

On Parliament Hill and along Wellington Street one even hears the opinion expressed that the master political strategist must be slipping. The 1930 blunder—perhaps the biggest of his long career—of "not a five cent piece" in federal aid to provinces so foolish as to rest under the rule of Tory governments is recalled with puzzled shaking of heads.

Belief that family allowances for dependent children are more likely to turn votes against their sponsor than to win them is based on the reasoning that whatever nationalist and isolationist hostility there is toward Mr. King in Quebec is too solidified to be softened by even such generous bounty as proposed in the bonus scheme and that taxpayers in the other provinces are pretty certain to view the plan as a favor for Quebec at their expense.

This reasoning seems to be pretty well founded. Some of the spokesmen for Quebec isolationists acknowledged months ago that they viewed the family allowance plan as an appeasement move and bluntly warned that it would not secure for Mr. King the forgiveness of those who felt that Canada had no business in the war. Those who minimize the voting strength of extreme isolationism in Quebec figure that the Prime Minister could safely have depended on his refusal to introduce conscription to retain for him a maximum of French-Canadian support.

Big Bonuses in Quebec?

Students of voter sentiment appear to be even more firmly convinced that a dominant consideration in the minds of voters in other provinces on next federal polling day will be the prospect that total bonuses of six or seven hundred dollars or even a thousand dollars a year will be common in Quebec whereas the heads of families of two or three children in the English-speaking part of the population would be getting at most only two or three hundred dollars. The proposed reductions in the rates of allowance for families of more than four children are not regarded as sufficient to sweeten the proposition for parents of the average-size English-speaking family.

Some who attempt to assess the probable political consequences of the plan are persuaded that it is almost certain to be disastrous for the government in Ontario because of the large proportion of federal revenue contributed by that province and because Ontario taxpayers, in view of the low average number of children to a family, can hope to recover little in bonus payments. They foresee much the same reaction in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Western reaction is expected to be more divided.

Almost a year has passed since the idea of family allowances first engaged the attention of the government, and so it may be profitable to recall something of its origin.

Origin of Baby Bonus

In the late months of 1942 and the early months of 1943 war production was being affected by disturbed labor relations. In an effort to cope with the situation the government in February, 1943, abolished its original War Labor Board and replaced it with a three-man board headed by Justice C. P. McTague of the Ontario Appeal Court. The new board was charged with the task of finding a solution of the labor relations situation, especially in war industries, and to this end it held a public inquiry into the causes of strikes and threatened strikes.

In August reports based on submissions made by employer and employee organizations at this inquiry were presented to the cabinet—a majority report written by Mr. McTague and a minority report prepared by Mr. Cohen, labor member of the board. Both reports contained recommendations aimed at improvement in labor relations.

A basic recommendation of the McTague report was that the claim of organized labor for a minimum living standard for the families of workers should be recognized. McTague proposed that for this purpose ceilings should be lifted from wage rates up to fifty cents an hour. But in case the government should feel that this course would have too great an impact on its wartime anti-inflation structure McTague threw in the suggestion that as an alternative the government might consider the making of contributions from the public treasury to the heads of families for the support of dependent children.

Was Only a Suggestion

Removal of the ceilings from low-level wages was definitely recommended. The alternative was offered only as a suggestion. Rumors emanating from the East Block last fall that the suggestion rather than the recommendation was being considered by the cabinet were generally received with scepticism. As it turned out, the proposal to free low-paid workers from the wage ceilings fell before the concerted opposition of the fathers of anti-inflation policy. In December the Prime Minister announced that wage ceilings were to be fortified rather than relaxed. Then at the opening of parliament came the announcement that the baby bonus proposal had been adopted.

Although Mr. McTague originated the family allowance idea, he is not likely to be embarrassed in his present position as headquarters officer of the Progressive Conservative party should that party decide to oppose it, since his report of last August clearly favored a concession to low-paid family heads through wage increases. In Ottawa it is assumed, on the strength of Mr. Bracken's initial criticism of the measure as introduced by the Prime Minister, that the chief opposition party will be prepared to make it an election issue.

Some observers see the possibility of difficulty for the CCF on the issue. They figure that Mr. Coldwell's party is bound to go all-out for the plan as a social security measure and that this course may jeopardize its relations with sections of organized labor, since labor prefers wage increases to doles from the public treasury.

Ottawa is now speculating as to whether, should the official opposition in parliament take immediate issue with the family allowance bill, Mr. King will make this an occasion for announcing early dissolution and an appeal to the country on the question. But we report this speculation in advance of the budget. Mr. Ilsley's fiscal legislation may throw more light on the outlook for the timing of the election.

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Hari-Kiri Will Help to Defeat the Japanese

By JOHN GARDEN

The practice of achieving an honorable death through self-destruction is a Japanese institution that is reacting to the advantage of the United Nations. Japanese officers who blow themselves to bits after losing a battle, and Japanese flyers who believe that parachutes are superfluous all are making a contribution to victory for the Allies.

The writer suggests that it is too bad that the custom doesn't extend to Germany. If it did Goering, for one, would have had to disembowel himself when the first bomb fell on Berlin.

AFTER one of the tremendous battles of Guadalcanal in which the U.S. Marines had mown down Japanese trying to cross the Tenaru River, a Japanese N.C.O. caused astonishment by coming into the American lines and surrendering. A Japanese prisoner, unwounded, is something of a rarity. But this man had an even more astonishing story to tell, confirmed when the Americans advanced and found the bodies of the Japanese Colonel of the attacking regiment and his junior officers dead in a little clearing of the jungle, their revolvers still in their hands. When the Colonel had seen the battle was lost, he had called his officers, informed them that they would burn their flag and then commit hari-kiri.

Circumstances in the shape of advancing U.S. soldiers prevented the elaborate ceremony of hari-kiri being carried out, so the officers stood at attention and shot themselves in order of seniority, the Colonel joining his ancestors first. The N.C.O. when he found he was the last, threw away his revolver and surrendered to the Americans. He was a rare Jap—one who preferred life to death and glory. It was not revealed whether he was or had been a Christian, but other reports suggest that self-destruction is less popular amongst those Japanese soldiers who have been converted or have come under Christian influences.

This is typical of many incidents in the war against Japan. If there cannot be victory, then death is welcomed, either from the weapons of the enemy or their own hands. A favourite method of suicide is to hold a hand grenade against the stomach or head. It is as crude and messy as the traditional disembowelling. A very few Japs have done the job badly and survived with the loss of a leg, but most succeed in blowing themselves to pieces even when, owing to faulty Japanese workmanship on the grenades, they have to make two or three attempts before they get one that goes off.

Painful and Untidy

To every other race on earth, the passion for self-destruction of the Japanese and the particularly painful and untidy method they use is quite as inexplicable as the occasions they choose for it. A single incident led to the French saying of the English that they shot their Admirals to encourage the others. The Japanese shoot or disembowel themselves for the same reason.

How many casualties were caused by General Doolittle's daring raid on Tokio just two years ago is not known. But they included a number of defence and A.R.P. officers who committed hari-kiri afterwards because their honor had been stained by allowing the shadow of the American planes to fall on the Emperor's Palace!

Dishonoring the Emperor is the fundamental reason for hari-kiri. Formerly, it was the custom for the Emperor, in circumstances where the King of England might ask for the resignation of a minister, to suggest politely to anyone who had crossed him in the minutest way that his life was no longer of value. The suggestion would be accompanied by a short sword to do the deed and after the ceremony, the sword would be returned to the Emperor by his relatives with many thanks.

This demand for hari-kiri has been officially abolished since the so-called Westernization of Japan, but of offences against the Emperor which could only be honorably expunged by hari-kiri even to-day are such things as allowing his photograph to be consumed in a fire or accidentally giving a child one of his names.

The Japanese child of better class is introduced to death very early and taught the full ceremony of hari-kiri and its beauty and significance. There is always an honorable way out for the Japanese and hari-kiri, provided it is performed according to tradition, covers a multitude of sins and allows the performer to be honored.

Psychologically as well as physically it is completely different from the Western suicide. Suicides were formerly not buried in consecrated ground in Europe. Here we almost invariably find that a suicide is not in his right mind. In Japan hari-kiri, and even suicides by less romantic methods, are taken to be a sign that a man is in his right mind. Japan has the highest suicide rate in the world and although the authorities have occasionally shown some concern, the general attitude is one of glorification.

Effect on the War

A good double suicide—because of the impossibility of a young man marrying a girl without dishonoring himself by disobeying his parents—is the talk of the newspapers and the romantic maidens for a week, until a better one turns up.

What is important to us is the effect that this tradition is likely to have on the war. Obviously the self-destruction of officers and high officials cannot but be beneficial. If hari-kiri were the custom in Germany, Goering would have had to disembowel himself when the first bomb fell on Berlin.

The urge to hari-kiri is much stronger amongst officers than men—they have been trained to it since childhood and regard with honor the two swords, one for killing their enemies and one for killing themselves. They regard the bloodstains with sadistic veneration—the bloodstain of the first victim is not cleaned from the sword. The men are taught that death is preferable to defeat from the moment they enter barracks and absorb the lesson, but usually it is by a sort of hypnotised welcoming of the enemy's bullets or bombs than by self-destruction.

If anything were required to show the great gulf between Japan and the Western civilization whose veneer she adopted, hari-kiri would be sufficient. In war, the self-destruction of picked men will hasten her defeat—consider how many of our airmen have baled out to fly again and how many of our soldiers have survived defeat to go on to victory. As final defeat looms larger, we may expect an orgy of self-destruction amongst soldiers and civilians. But in peace there will remain the problem of a nation that can worship death in this way, with a philosophy which the West cannot understand.

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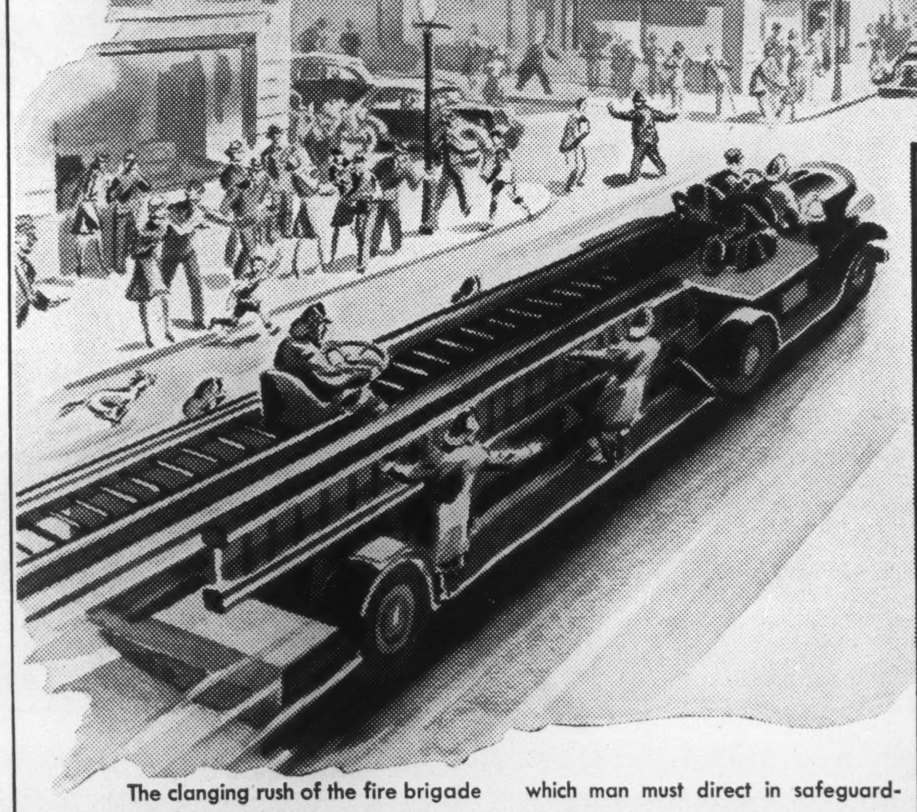

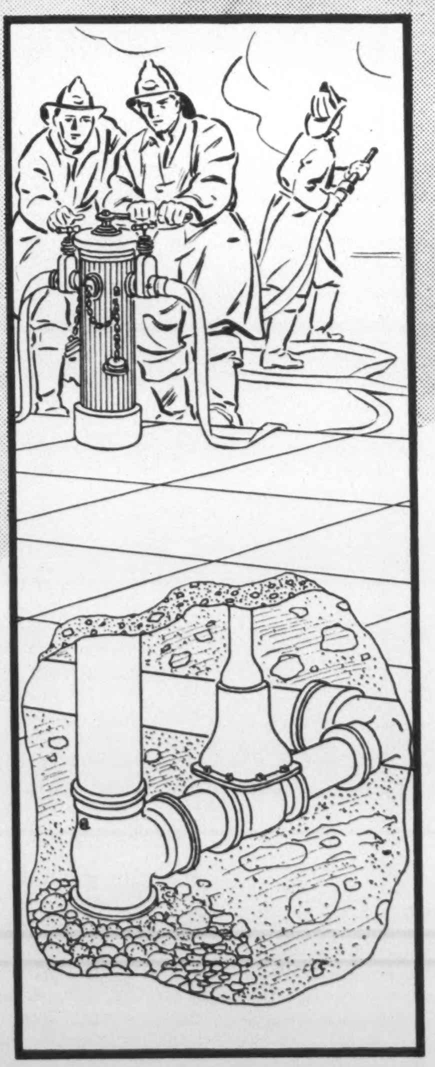

The clanging rush of the fire brigade on its way to an outbreak is always a thrill to youngsters and oldsters alike. But perhaps you've never stopped to consider the futility of their speed if plenty of water weren't available near the fire.

Probably right under your feet as you watch the firemen flows an underground river encased in piping. Miles upon miles of municipal water mains, equipped with control valves, carry the thousands of gallons of water which nature provides but which man must direct in safeguarding the community against the scourge of fire.

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THE HITLER WAR

Much Deteriorated German Army Faces Insoluble Problems

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

AT CHERBOURG we have seen in miniature, I believe, the development of the summer campaign to eliminate Germany. The Germans had well-prepared positions, manned by a sizable garrison. But this was of spotty quality. Its one good division, the 77th, had had to fight twice as hard to try to make up for the deficiencies of the others. When the final test came it was worn out, and the others lacked the spirit of resistance to the death. The vital position was lost in five days fighting.

The Germans at Cherbourg wouldn't fight to the death because they no longer believe there is any chance of victory, or that their sacrifice will save the Fatherland. They no longer believe in victory because they can see, and feel on their own bodies, our crushing superiority in men and material. No longer are the skies filled with German planes, enemy strongholds overwhelmed by a hailstorm of German artillery fire, the battlefield swept by an irresistible tide of German panzers.

Our Strength Impresses

Now everything is exactly the other way round. It is *our* invincible air power, *our* crack storm troops, *our* overpowering artillery, *our* irresistible armor, and *our* inexhaustible flow of material of all kinds. Looking at all this, they know they have lost, and they are quitting when they get the chance. No surer indication of the disintegration of enemy morale or the nearing of the end could be desired than the order of the commanding general at Cherbourg empowering officers and NCO's to shoot any soldiers who waver at their post.

The Germans, being Germans, will fight for awhile longer under such conditions. But only a little while—a few months at the most. Until almost the end we will continue to meet good German units who will fight as well as any troops in the world, and better than most, and make us doubt momentarily theories about the deterioration of the Reichswehr. But there are not enough of these to hold the whole German front, or half of it, and we will always find inferior units which we can break through.

The German fabric has rotten patches all through, which give way to sudden pressure, like a well-worn garment. And the German Command hasn't the good material left with which to patch the holes, nor can it patch them fast enough as we punch here, there and everywhere.

Revealing German Diary

A striking document on the deterioration of spirit within the German Army has been turned up by Ilya Ehrenbourg, the internationally-known Soviet journalist. It is the diary of an educated, intelligent, and remarkably well-informed German junior officer, Lieutenant K. F. Brandes of Berlin. The fact that his commentary ended over half a year ago only adds weight to its testimony, as the deterioration must have been speeded by the disasters of the winter, and the combined assault now tearing at the Reich from east, west and south.

The record begins last July 1st, just before the launching of what may prove to have been the last important German offensive of the war, in the Kursk sector, intended to engage and destroy the forces which the Russians had gathered for their summer offensive.

"It will be a long time," Brandes remarks, "before we recover from our winter losses. A lot might have been avoided if there had been less stupidity and arrogance. I choke with rage when I think of all the idiotic assertions made in these past years. We are the victims of our own propaganda. Now we are staggering, as in the First World War. The beginning was splendid. A German spring dawned over Europe. We are now facing the last fight for the German dream, for the aspirations of a good thousand years."

The next day was "a fine summer day." But he was not happy. "Cologne suffered heavily. I often look at the photographs of my son. How will his life shape? Will he want to be a soldier? . . . It will soon be the fifth year and the end is not in sight."

The SS Divisions

A few days later, "our offensive began north of Kharkov We have suffered enough this year; it is time to do something. Officers of the SS Division are astonished at the pessimism reigning in our divison. They have picked the finest human material. Every one of their corporals would be a sergeant in our division. Moreover, they are always drinking and carousing, whereas our fellows often have not enough to eat. In the same way, the SS loot and rob the inhabitants for all they are worth."

This is an interesting sidelight on the different quality of the regular and SS divisions, and the feeling between them. Herbert Rosinski, perhaps the best-known student of the German Army, wrote recently that there were some 20 SS divisions in the field today. They are no longer made up exclusively of Party members, however, but are partly recruited from the regular army. For the past two years the SS has been recognized as a fourth arm of the German forces, along with the Army, Navy and Luftwaffe, and it has ambitions to form an air force of its own.

Brandes' criticism of the SS is not to be mistaken for moral disapproval, nor is it to be thought that here is one of those regular Army officers who will some day lead a civil war against the SS. Not at all. "Were I ten years younger I would join the SS and become an SS fuehrer. Of course they are narrow-minded and excessively optimistic. Nevertheless, in them lives the new young Germany."

Many Know the Truth

On July 12th he notes that "the Americans have landed in Sicily. It is to be hoped that they will be flung back into the sea." Then two days later: "Not very encouraging news. Fighting in the Belgorod and Orel areas. Our beautiful country is being devastated (by the RAF bombing). I cannot sleep for thinking of it. Can it be that all will be lost again in the fifth year of war? In truth we are all happy idiots and dupes. *But the number of those who realize the truth is growing. The mind constantly observes signs of doom, but the heart refuses to believe them.* Germany cannot renounce her aims! We are fighting for our lebensraum and for our German way of life."

A few days later came the Russian offensive. "By midday the situation had become serious . . . a terrible muddle reigned all day. Commands and counter-commands. We threw into action even convalescents who had arrived only yesterday from Germany. One rifle to three men!" The next week, during another Russian attack, "the commanders of both divisions were absent. . . Never have I seen such a hurricane of fire. *Oh, if we only had our army of 1941!* In two terrible winters our army has melted away. How many senseless sacrifices! How happy they were to die in Poland and France. They believed in victory then."

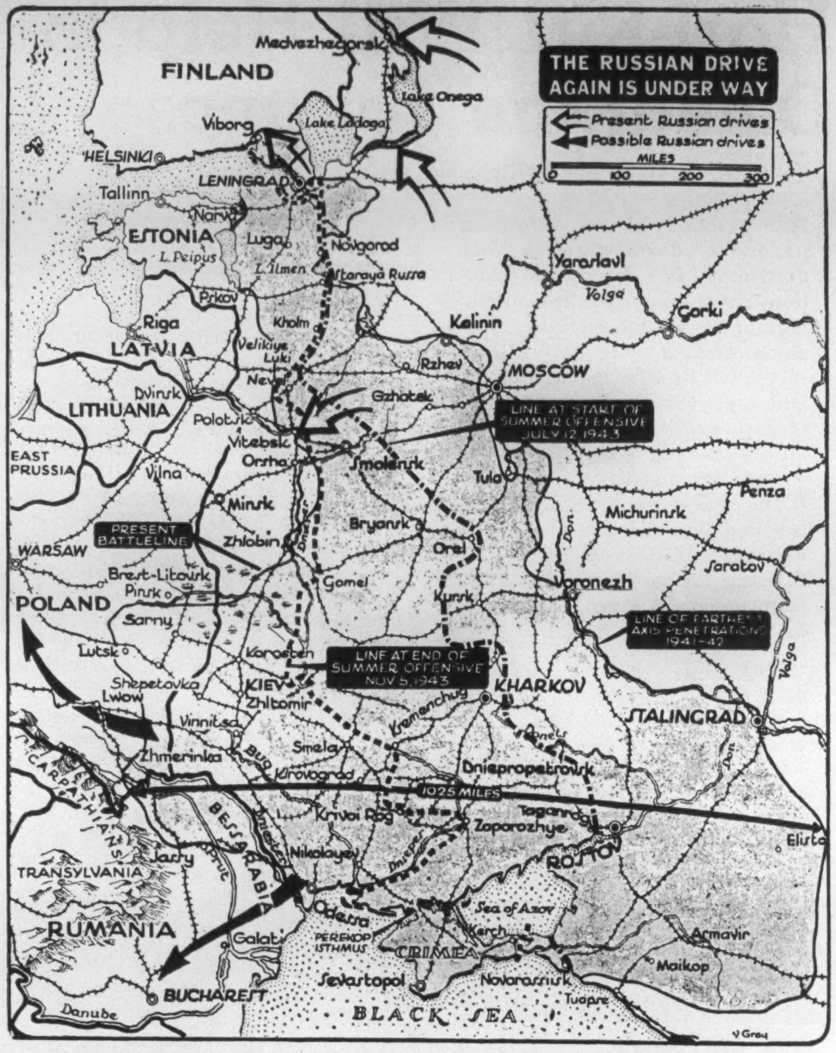
The fall of Mussolini he notes as "a heavy blow to us. The people are alarmed at such events. What is more, they are all tired of war and the bombings have frayed their nerves. We are not very far from the verge."

The lieutenant under-estimated his countrymen's endurance. On top of this came rapidly the smashing of Hamburg, the Russian victories at Orel, Belgorod and Kharkov, and the first big air attacks on his home city of Berlin. "Elizabeth and I may easily find ourselves beggars. And how attached we are to our things. There you have Germany after 10 years of National Socialism and 4 years of war! We certainly expected something different. May fate be more merciful to us than we deserve."

Yet he notes in his very next entry that "Himmler is Home Minister. We continue to move along our predestined path. 'In the end fate cannot be averted. . .' Even many intelligent people think that the least attempt at independent thought is dangerous—even high treason. Yet something impels me to think it out to the end, to understand the cause. But my final conclusions I dare not confide even to my diary."

At other times he is far from resigned, but "seized with frantic rage; it is passing into hatred of the rulers. We have all forgotten how to laugh. But Germany will live, provided the born idiots do not ruin her utterly."

A fortnight later, in September, it seems to him that "the last act of the tragedy has begun. . . What an end after such triumph! We should have driven out the incompetent politicians long ago. We are paying for their folly and conceit. We conquered all of Europe, but success turned the


THE RUSSIAN DRIVE AGAIN IS UNDER WAY
Present Russian drives
Possible Russian drives
MILES
0
100
200
300
FINLAND
Medvezhegorsk
Lake Onega
Lake Ladoga
Viborg
HELSINKI
LENINGRAD
Tallinn
Narva
ESTONIA
L. Peipus
Luga
Novgorod
L. Ilmen
Staraya Russa
Pskov
Riga
LATVIA
Kholm
Velikiye Luki
Nevel
Kalinin
Rzhev
Yaroslavl
Volga
Gorki
MOSCOW
Gzhatsk
Dvinsk
LITHUANIA
Polotsk
Vitebsk
LINE AT START OF SUMMER OFFENSIVE JULY 12 1943
EAST PRUSSIA
Orsha
Smolensk
Vilna
Tula
Penza
Minsk
Michurinsk
PRESENT BATTLELINE
Zhlobin
Bryansk
Don
Dnieper
WARSAW
Orel
Saratov
Brest-Litovsk
Pinsk
Gomel
Voronezh
POLAND
Kursk
Sarny
LINE OF FARTHEST AXIS PENETRATIONS 1941-42
Lutsk
Korosten
LINE AT END OF SUMMER OFFENSIVE NOV 5, 1943
Volga
Shepetovka
KIEV
KHARKOV
Lwow
Zhitomir
Kremenchug
STALINGRAD
Vinnitsa
Donets
Smela
Zhmerinka
Bug
Kirovograd
Dniepropetrovsk
CARPATHIANS
1025 MILES
Don
BESSARABIA
Krivoi Rog
Taganrog
Zaporozhye
Dniester
Prut
Elista
Jassy
Nikolayev
Dnieper
ROSTOV
TRANSYLVANIA
Odessa
Sea of Azov
RUMANIA
Armavir
Galati
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Kerch
CRIMEA
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The first big Russian drive has come on the Central Front, where it has behind it the best-developed roads and railways in Russia, and the great arsenal of Moscow.

Map by New York Times.

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Germans' heads; they became vain and supercilious. And our rulers lost all sense of proportion. In my opinion Hitler is a big personality, but he lacks depth and penetration. He is a dilettante in practically every sphere. Evidently, he is a poor judge of character."

"Goering is perhaps the most popular of all. He is not a dogmatist, but a man of common sense. But he, too, is striding over corpses. As for Himmler's convictions and aims, they may be judged by his exterior. Goebbels is cunning but shallow—a backstairs politician, a representative of the third estate, a proletarianized Talleyrand. Funk does not look quite Aryan. He is grotesque and ugly. His frivolity and easy optimism are one of the causes of our misfortunes.

Discusses Nazi Leaders

Ribbentrop is a *gentilhomme comme il faut* from the Third Reich; unmistakably bad education and breeding—a parvenu. *And in the military field, too, there is not a single big figure, with the exception of Rommel.* If we were only strong enough to hurl the Americans into the Mediterranean and begin operations against England."

Another fortnight, and he feels "like beating my head against a wall and howling with fury. Disastrous retreat here, and not a gleam of comfort in Italy. It is the frivolity and mediocrity of the megalomaniac leaders that is to blame. . . Sinister signs are multiplying. Supply columns and rear service troops are swelling inordinately. And all dragging their women and impedimenta with them."

"Unhappy Germany! *In every way it is worse now than in 1914-18.* Our fighting strength is gone, while the Russians are growing stronger and stronger. Today alone the general committed nine men of our battalion to courtmartial for running away."

In his third last entry, October 10th, he tells of a Spanish paper which one of the officers had received, "with all sorts of interesting news. I also read some entirely new opinions of Hess's mission. That jibes well with our utterly stupid policy. A policy made by fools and fools decked in the garb of Machiavelli. We were given a distorted view of the world and of things in general for so long that we began to take our own illusions for truth."

Shortly afterwards, he was killed, in the fighting in the Dnieper bend. Too bad, that such a "good" German should have been lost. Yes, considering everything, he was as good a German as we can expect to find inside the Reich, and far more intelligent than average, his eyes wide open to the folly of the Nazi leaders and their perversion of the truth. But he only detests these leaders because they failed. "The beginning was splendid. A German spring dawned over Europe (with the conquests of 1940)." Germany must have her lebensraum, and be top-dog for "a thousand years."

Cherbourg to Vitebsk

And even he, if he were ten years younger, would join the SS, *to become an SS fuehrer.* A very German, indeed. Here is a better document on the German character than many a carefully indexed volume of 600 pages. It will be well to keep it in mind after the collapse, as a reminder of the material we have to deal with in Germany.

Meantime there have been great events on both eastern and western fronts. Cherbourg has been taken, three weeks after our landing, which I fancy is very close to plan. Judging from our practice in putting big harbors back into commission in the Mediterranean, we will have maintained a daily and hourly observation of the enemy's demolition, and adjusted our repair plans accordingly. It may be taken for granted that machinery to duplicate all vital installations at Cherbourg has been made ready and will be put in place in record time.

The flow through Cherbourg will add power to our bridgehead armies. But great power has already flowed in across the beaches, and this flow will be kept up in favorable weather. Some of this power is now being evidenced in Montgomery's offensive south-west of Caen

The Americans can be expected to regroup fairly quickly and turn southwards through La Haye and Periers to Coutances, also driving against St. Lo. When these places, and Caen, are ours, we will really have a broad and solid bridgehead, equipped with a big port, and giving us room to deploy our armies for a real offensive. That desirable moment is still probably several weeks away.

On the Russian front a great concentric offensive has been begun towards Minsk. Having made a very good start with the overrunning of the powerful German hedgehog position at Vitebsk in the north, and a long advance towards Bobruisk in the south, it promises to tear a great, gaping hole in the front. Through this hole the Red tide will pour towards Bialystok and Brest-Litovsk, and eventually Warsaw.

At the same time, lesser offensives will sweep like eddy currents towards Dvinsk and Riga, Kaunas and Koenigsberg, lapping up the German armies of the Baltic. Another major offensive will almost certainly be launched out of the advanced bridgehead in Southern Poland, won in the winter campaign. Its communications, however, will not yet be so well-repaired as those in the Smolensk region, which are feeding the central front assault straight from the mighty arsenal and depot of Moscow. Finally, but by no means least important, will come the offensive on the Roumanian front against the Ploesti oil field and the German Balkan flank.

The German problem in meeting these numerous threats in the east is as insoluble as is the strategical problem in France and Italy. *There are, in fact, no good moves for Germany this year.* If Rundstedt were to shift his reserves from behind the Pas de Calais sector, we would strike there. If he doesn't, we will make so much easier progress in Normandy. Had Kesselring not opposed our armies in south-central Italy, they would have been free to invade France or Yugoslavia. By doing so he lost half of his forces.

It is the same in the east. When the Red Army made its powerful lunge through Kiev towards Lwow last winter, the German Command had to plug this gap at all costs. Later it had to plug the Roumanian gap. Now it must plug the Minsk gap. But how to do this without weakening other fronts, where the Red Army, with its huge numerical superiority, can also strike?

Inferior in everything; numbers, material and morale; guns, tanks and planes; the German defensive problem is insoluble. What is more, Germans captured in Normandy, from infantryman to general, are increasingly ready to admit this.

Modelled by Winslow Mortimer

LONG anticipated, long awaited—Hitler's European Fortress is under attack. Free men are battering at the gates of tyranny. Machines and materials are pouring through the breaches under a sky darkened by thousands of Allied bomber and fighting planes—products of British, American and Canadian ingenuity. The struggle may be long. The cost will be heavy. But though final victory is certain, this is no time for complacency—no time to ease the pressure on the "home front". The situation calls for the most determined and unremitting effort to keep the arsenals of democracy at the highest fighting pitch. That's how we feel about things at Thompson Products. Six great plants are "delivering the goods" —not "on time"—*but ahead of time*—beating production schedules on vital parts for planes, tanks, submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors and Trucks.

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Why Canada Requires a New Constitution

By G. H. BARR, K.C.

The author of this article, who is a K.C. of Regina, Sask., maintains that the obligations which Canada has accepted towards the men and women who serve in the war, and the obligations which she will have to accept towards other nations in the peace, will necessitate a revision of the constitution.

The power to revise must be taken over by Canada herself, as otherwise the declaration of the equality of the Commonwealth nations, in the Statute of Westminster, is false.

AS THE senior member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, Canada has reached a stage when it is absolutely essential that she should take the final step and become a fully autonomous and sovereign state.

There are those, of course, who have assiduously carried on a propaganda to mislead the Canadian people in this respect, and it is time that we of this generation, if we are to measure up to our responsibilities, should face the facts. We are not a sovereign state and not autonomous; we have not attained equality of status; we are the only one of the Dominions, in fact, in the position of not being able to amend our own constitution. The Statute of Westminster of 1931 was supposed to give us complete autonomy but the benefit of that statute, in so far as Canada is concerned, was withheld.

Shortly before leaving for the Conference of 1929, Mr. Bennett received a very strong protest from the Hon. Mr. Ferguson, premier of Ontario, and the Hon. Mr. Taschereau, premier of Quebec, insisting that before any changes were made in the Canadian constitution, the provinces should be consulted. When the matter came before the Canadian Parliament in June 1931, the address of the Parliament of Canada to His Majesty for the passing of the Statute of Westminster included the following section, which has now become section 7, subsection (1) of that statute:

"Nothing in this Act shall be deemed to apply to the repeal, amendment or alteration of the British North America Acts 1867 to 1930, or any order, rule or regulation made thereunder".

This neutralized the whole of the statute in so far as the amendment of our constitution is concerned, and left us in exactly the same position in this respect as though the Statute of Westminster had not been passed. And so we are not a sovereign state and have not equality of status with the other Dominions.

That we now require complete autonomy is generally admitted throughout Canada. The whole question is now raised above a matter of mere business consideration on two grounds and becomes a distinct moral issue for the Canadian people to face. In the first place, we have made commitments and undertaken obligations to the fighting forces of this country which cannot possibly be fulfilled without the necessary amendments to enable the Canadian people to control their own constitution; and, second, the place which Canada has come to occupy through her war effort, both on the field and at home, will entitle her to an important position at the Peace Table, when plans will be formulated for a lasting and enduring peace—and how can we expect our country to measure up to this great opportunity and responsibility unless she has the full status of a sovereign and autonomous state?

This brings us to the crux of the problem, namely, how is this to be accomplished? It is interesting to note that the report of the Rowell-Sirois Commission, while making many valuable suggestions as to necessary reforms in the economic and social field, is entirely silent as to how these reforms are to be accomplished and does not take into account the new situation which has arisen as a result of the present war.

The main difficulty appears to be in connection with two different viewpoints arising out of what is called the "compact theory of Confederation". Those who believe in this theory take the position that before the Imperial Parliament will amend the Statute of Westminster to give us autonomy, the consent of every province must be obtained. The viewpoint of the people of Saskatchewan is very definitely recorded in the Brief submitted to the Rowell-Sirois Commission at their sittings here, as indicated by the following extracts therefrom:

"Compact Theory" Unjustified

"It is submitted that neither as a matter of legal theory nor historical fact has the so-called compact theory any justification whatever. The whole matter was examined in a critical article by Professor Norman McL. Rogers a few years ago, in which the almost completely imaginary nature of the so-called compact theory was disposed of.

"In a consideration of the necessity of amending the British North America Act, it must be kept in mind most distinctly that we are dealing with a Federation in which there is a Federal State as well as nine provinces. If we had to deal with merely a loose confederacy, there would be a good argument in favor of unanimity of opinion; but we are not dealing with a confederacy but with a very definite type of federation in which very wide powers looking to the peace, order and good government of the people are given to the central government.

"In such circumstances the principle of unanimity of consent to constitutional amendment cannot be tolerated.

"The opinion has already been expressed that the time is ripe for certain amendments to the British North America Act and it is believed that this opinion is shared in all parts of Canada. The necessity of such amendments has become especially apparent with the growth of a social philosophy of government.

"The Government of Saskatchewan does not propose to formulate a definite scheme as to the manner in which amendments should be effected. It is submitted, however, that Canada must be regarded as having emerged from colonial status, consequently it should no longer be necessary to resort to the Imperial Parliament for amendments to the constitution. This opinion already expressed may be repeated here to the effect that unanimity of agreement among the provinces ought not to be required as a condition precedent to amendment of the constitution. To this one exception should no doubt be made: minority rights presently guaranteed under The British North America Act should not be interfered with in the absence of complete agreement among the provinces".

Must Face Problem

We are given to understand that a Dominion-Provincial Conference is to be held in Ottawa in September of this year. How important, therefore, that there should be an enlightened public opinion in Canada which will leave no doubt in the minds of the various representatives who gather there that this problem has now reached a stage where it can no longer be evaded. We must keep faith with our fighting men. It has become a matter of national honor and a great moral issue which the people must face. We cannot afford to be placed in the position at the conclusion of the war of telling them that Canada cannot live up to her obligations because of constitutional difficulties. It is opportune to refer to the warning of Norman Angell in his book "The Unseen Assassins":

"We do not desire to create social or economic evils or impose injustice and bring about war, but we apply policies in which these results are inherent because we fail to see the implication of the policies. These unperceived implications are the Unseen Assassins of our peace and welfare. Yet they would be visible to quite ordinary mental eyesight if it had not been artificially distorted and rendered defective from entirely preventable causes.

"The political, economic and social problems of society which, by the theory of democracy, the ordinary voter is called upon to decide, have become so numerous and complex that no layman can possibly be fully acquainted with each of them. Yet the opinion of the ordinary man, 'public' opinion, is nevertheless in the long run decisive in public policy. Governments are obliged, as recent history shows, to take cognizance of popular feeling, tradition, prejudice, particularly in such matters as war and peace, or the surrender of national sovereignty, as a condition of creating an international order".

How can democracy properly function unless the people know the facts and deal with them honestly and intelligently in formulating public opinion? Canada is indeed at the crossroads, and whether we rise to the occasion and move forward into full nationhood of equal status with other members of the British Empire, depends upon what the people themselves demand of our leaders in public life. We cannot afford to break faith with the men and women—the very flower of the race—who are now defending our homes.

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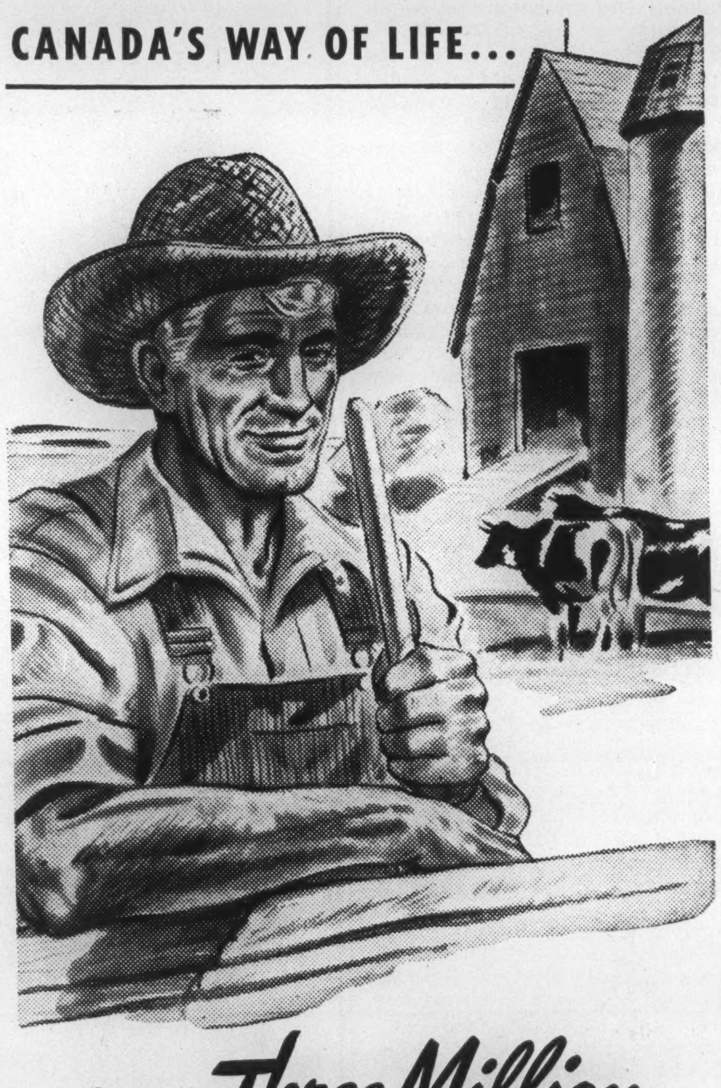

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Soviet Excels Canada in Developing North

By RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

Mr. Davies, whose series on the Canadian North in Saturday Night last fall will be remembered by our readers, finds that Russia is making even greater strides in conquering former frozen waste-lands.

Greatest strides are being made in agriculture and some of the Soviet results are astounding. At Salekhard on the Arctic circle a state farm has steadily raised production and gone a long way towards paying for itself.

Moscow.

ALONG with Canada the Soviet Union controls three-fifths of all areas located about the Arctic Circle. Our difficulties in conquering the North are mutual. Our successes in turning to the use of man the vast areas formerly thought of as wildernesses, as lands of ice and snow, as habitat only suitable for Eskimo, reindeer and seal, are certain to be of advantage to both countries, regardless of where the success is first registered.

On the basis of my own observations in the Canadian North last year, I must admit that the Russians have certainly gone farther than we in the battle for the conquest of the North, one might almost say, for the domestication of the North.

Take Salekhard.

On the map Salekhard is a tiny community right on the Arctic Circle at the mouth of the River Ob in the extreme north of the Siberian Province of Omsk.

At Salekhard muskeg until recently seemed king. The earth is frozen and only thaws for a foot or two in the summertime. The winter is hard and long. Not long ago anyone speaking of Salekhard as a farm area would have been considered a candidate for a lunatic asylum. But times have changed.

In 1931 at Salekhard was organized the Obdorsk Agricultural Experimental Station. By 1936 the conviction had developed that farming might prove successful and a state farm was begun. It grew rapidly, and during the war years alone the Government invested in its development one and a quarter million rubles. This year the state farm produced more vegetables than anticipated and a fifth more meat.

The farm has a fine herd of breed cattle, and last year for every hundred cows, 90 calves were born and successfully raised. The milch cows gave an average of 4,500 lbs. of milk for the year.

Inevitably I am led to recall that brave Canadian doctor in our own Aklavik who for years now has been tending a small herd of cows, the first in Canada beyond the Arctic Circle, to prove that it can be done and done well. Somehow I have always felt that we did not quite appreciate the value of his work.

In Salekhard the nation's appreciation is shown in the very real terms of monetary and technical assistance. The farm lacks for nothing, even though war conditions have imposed unexampled stringencies upon the country. And the farm has paid back with interest for all attention.

Crop Doubles

Its fields are former muskeg. So successful have they been in yielding crops that in 1943 the average per acre crop of potatoes was 20 tons as compared with less than half that amount during the preceding years.

As in Canada today, in the Soviet Union in the past there used to be a theory that northern agriculture could not pay for itself, would never become profitable, and at best was an expensive hobby. Experience has proven the fallacy of these outmoded conceptions. The Salekhard State Farm is a very profitable enterprise indeed.

In the first year of its existence, in 1936, the farm lost 138,000 rubles, and the know-it-alls said: "You see, we told you so." But by 1940 the deficit had dropped to 23,000 rubles and in 1943 a profit was made of 410,000 rubles. In two years all losses of the first period of operation were more than recouped.

The farm's example has inspired new efforts in its vicinity. In the town of Salekhard itself in 1940 there were only one and a half acres of crop lands. In 1943 this rose to 50 acres.

But Salekhard is far from being a solitary example.

The Russians are remarkably eager, almost naively eager, to catch up to and surpass the outside world in everything leading to a better life. In one respect they are unquestionable winners in the race for supremacy—they have the Pole of cold, where the temperature occasionally drops to 93 deg. below zero Fahrenheit. In this connection, by the way, I must report that, though grudgingly, the Russians admit to our superiority also in one respect—the Dionne quintuplets.

One would think that nothing can live in a climate as rigorous as that of the Pole of cold. But people do. And even industry keeps going—goldmining, tungsten mining, the search for rare metals.

Now farming has begun. In the midst of this frigid area along the River Yana that flows into the Arctic Ocean east of the Lena, there is a tiny miners' settlement called Ege-khai. Until recently all food had to be delivered to Ege-khai by raft and boat in the summertime; by airplane and reindeer in the winter.

But two springs ago a housewife named Smirnova planted a few potatoes in her backyard more as a joke than anything else. The men laughed: "Imagine planting anything in this refrigerator!"

But the potatoes grew and gave a fair crop. Smirnova wrote a letter to the mine paper. A few more enthusiasts followed her example. They found that to cultivate vegetables in Ege-khai was not an easy matter, but it could be done. To protect the young growth from icy winds blowing from the Arctic Ocean, they built thick fences of local grass. And when, in August, blasts of frost-laden wind threatened the crop, they built fires along the gardens to save the plants.

Fruit Grows on Ground

There are other examples of Soviet success in the North.

Along the right bank of the Yenisei River in Siberia at about the latitude of our Fort St. John there are flourishing gardens of apples, pears and plums. But unlike ordinary fruit trees, the trees here grow like vines along the ground, and their branches, instead of growing horizontally, shoot vertically upwards. Each tree yields from 300-400 lbs. of good apples or pears, or about 125 lbs. of plums.

One such garden is located also in the village of Pokrovsk in the Yakutian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic at about the latitude of our Lake Athabaska. Even though the temperature often drops to 50 below zero the fruit trees thrive. So successful has proven experimentation with setting out fruit gardens in Siberia that the Krasnoyarsk, Siberia Experimental Station is now growing a million fruit trees for resetting throughout the whole area and even beyond the Arctic Circle.

In addition to fruits Siberia and even the Arctic grow sugar beets and tobacco. Aided by the 18-24-hour summer day, sugar beet plantations in the Far North yield as much as eight tons per acre with a sugar content only slightly smaller than in the Ukraine.

With the development of agriculture in the North comes also the first organization of agricultural industries, the most prominent of which is the recent launching of the first factory to produce glucose and glucose molasses from the lichens of the Soviet North.

Canada and Russia just about have the monopoly in lichens. But all attempts to utilize them in the past failed because the secret of their chemical composition which would permit adaption to human uses, was not discovered until very recently.

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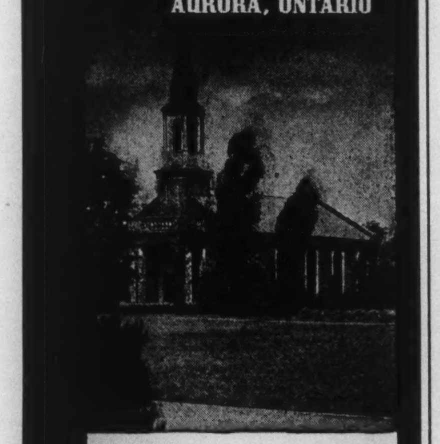

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Three Novels: One Entertaining, One Competent, One Brilliant

By W. S. MILNE

THUNDER MOUNTAIN, by Theodore Pratt. (Collins, $3.00.)

WEDDING DAY, by Edwa Moser. (Collins, $3.00.)

PETER DOMANIG, by Victor White. (McClelland and Stewart, $3.25.)

"THUNDER MOUNTAIN" develops a tried-and-true formula in fairly entertaining fashion, although one or two of the episodes are more earthy than necessary. It's one about a varied collection of people temporarily cut off from the rest of the world, and how they react on each other. This time it's a millionaire who foresees a proletarian revolution ahead, and builds a self-sustaining *de luxe* eyrie on a Colorado mountaintop, complete with provisions for two years. His retreat is a bit like Conan Doyle's *Lost World* plateau, and of course when he gets all his children and their friends there, something happens to the only means of communication with the rest of the world. Air currents prevent aeroplanes from landing, and that's as far as it is necessary to go.

"Wedding Day" is a stunt novel which is moderately successful. It presents a picture of one day in a well-to-do American household. Husband, wife, two daughters, two inlaws, and some servants all have personal problems in their relationships with each other and various off-stage characters, problems which are brought sharply into focus by an approaching wedding. For a time it seems that the wedding is not to come off, but before the day is over, there is a succession of satisfactory readjustments.

This bald summary of the theme may suggest a run-of-the-mill women's magazine serial, but the author does better than that. She has a flair for creating understandable and sympathetic characters, and she makes them behave in a reasonable way. There is a good deal of wisdom on the subject of family relations, and most of the characters are permitted to be intelligent beings, even under emotional stress. This is a novel above the average of popular fiction, but not too far above it to be a failure.

"Peter Domanig" might well be considered by itself, for it towers above the other two, but they all came from the office in one bundle, so here goes. Very rarely a reviewer has to deal with a novel that makes him feel that reviewing books is one of the most satisfying vocations in this imperfect world. "Peter Domanig" is one of these rare experiences.

It is the story of a boy, son of a Viennese mother and an English father, brought up by a narrowly religious aunt in Vienna during the last war. His mother has gone to America, her lover has returned to England, and the aunt sees Peter as the offspring of sin, and a brand to be saved from the burning. Peter is a lonely, sensitive boy, deeply conscious of his illegitimacy, yet strong enough to overcome the stigma, and work out, through a succession of difficult experiences, an adjustment to life. The book, subtitled "Morning in Vienna," takes us from Peter's twelfth year to his seventeenth, and leaves him as he departs for America and his mother. It is probable that the author intends it to be the first of a trilogy, and for once one can be grateful that it is so spaciously planned.

It is almost impossible to believe that this is a first novel; the author has such a sure touch in the handling of a theme that is both perilously delicate and ludicrously hackneyed. He avoids pitfalls of sentiment, self-pity and bad taste. At times the writing is brutally realistic, as in the episode of the bleeding hands, but one never feels that any of it could be left out or toned down. It is amazingly right all through. It has style and artistry that is always in control, yet never obtrusive.

The hero is never concentrated upon at the expense of the other characters; again one is conscious of balance and discipline. Particularly well handled is the gradual deepening and broadening of the character of the aunt, as Peter's own consciousness enlarges and his judgment matures. From an ogre—as she was to the down-trodden boy of twelve—she grows to human shape and sympathy.

Another continuous source of interest in the book is the picture of Vienna in war-time. We see the gradually increasing hardship at home as the war drags on to defeat, and the disintegration that follows defeat. This is an unusually fine novel, and, I believe, it will last.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto.

Western Spirit

ALL IN A TWILIGHT, a novel, by Allen Roy Evans. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00.)

AFTER teaching school for a while Emma Anderson went west to marry a farmer. This was in the day when Manitoba was new land and when buffalo bones were still bleaching among the bunch-grass. Her husband, Burl Zither, was a land-worshipper, almost desperate in his devotion and not given to romantic imaginings. Blizzards, grasshoppers and drought he took with grim endurance, always looking to next year as a time of prosperity.

To his wife they were weary disappointments and almost the death of hope. She had looked forward to a fine education for her two boys, even to some cultural opportunities for herself, but the weary round went on and on until the burden became too heavy and she laid herself down for the last time.

The farmer's hope that the boys would stay on the land was blasted. They resented his plans for them and at last left home with bitterness in their hearts, and Burl was left alone to realize that leisure and play time come only with death. But his strong, if defiant, spirit was a type of that which had tamed the wilderness and made it to blossom as the rose.

The novel is an authentic record of the last generation but one, and has importance as history. But also it is well written and a spirit of kindly understanding illuminates it.

•

Clairvoyancy

SUPER-SENSORY AWARENESS, by Eileen J. Garrett. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.25.)

BY MEANS apparently beyond the operation of the five senses, some persons, favored or not, gain information of occurrences far away both in distance and in time. Warnings of calamity in the future have come to many. Hallucinations, afterwards verified by the facts, have not been uncommon, and the apparent transfer of thought from one mind to another, perhaps half-a-world away, can no longer be denied.

The author of this book has been "clairvoyant" since childhood, and while she makes no definite explanation of this abnormal awareness, she searches diligently through the fields of psychology, and comes up with a whole group of theories, any one of which might be the explanation.

But she is also a trance-medium getting messages from "controls" while in a state of unconsciousness. Naturally her explanations of this phenomenon are less impressive since all she can do is to theorize. Nevertheless the book is interesting, if speculative, and the sincerity of the author seems obvious.

•

Dramatic Pictures

DEDICATION, Text and Pictures of the United Nations, arranged by Keith Warren Jennison. (Oxford, $3.25.

A COLLECTION of fifty photographs taken in all parts of the world forcefully revealing the terror of war, but at the same time illustrating some of the great sayings by eminent leaders of the Allied Nations. A beautiful book.

•

For Gardeners

COUNTRY COLIC, the Weeder's Digest, by Robert Lawson. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.25.)

ALL the ills that afflict the city man who lives in the country, and loves it, in spite of them all, are here assembled in alphabetical order and are illustrated hilariously. Birds and bugs, crows and callers, pigs and poison ivy, sprays and servants; these and a hundred others are revealed as aids to vexation. About sprays, the author writes, "Sprays add a beautiful sheen to the bronze shells of the beetles and seem to refresh them on hot days. Otherwise the effect is negligible, except on your hardware bill." A varry freevolous book!

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If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors, and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, hobbies, homemaking, gardening, sports, news items, human interest stories, war work, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Canadian Radio Actress Starring In American Summer Theatre

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

ONE of Toronto's radio actresses is making good in "straw hat theatre" in Worcester, Mass., this summer. Headline on a clipping we have says "Isabel Price Stars in 'Theatre'." It goes on: "Miss Price asks no odds. She plays the part of a great actress in the only way the part of a great actress can be played, confidently, sensitively and with unhesitating power. There is only one way in which confidence can be given power and a character created from waves of dialogue and that is by good acting. To miss this performance will be to miss a demonstration of the art of acting that is a pleasure to watch, however many times you may have seen the great Cornelia Otis Skinner portray the character." A clipping from another paper says, "Thanks to Miss Price's restraint and good taste in treatment of the part of Julia she achieves a success that is most rewarding."

This is just another example of the way the United States appreciates Canadian talent and strengthens our argument that we don't need to import "Big Names" when there is a job of acting to be done in Toronto.

Incidentally the clippings were not forwarded to us by Isabel Price—but by a fellow actress, who is proud, not jealous, of her co-worker's success.

Summer stock at the Royal Alexandra is giving Toronto theatregoers a chance to see another of our talented radio actresses — Kathleen Kidd. This actress has no reason to fear television.

FOR one of the finest jobs of radio reporting of the year we recommend that a Radio "Oscar" be awarded to Leonard W. Brockington K.C., who on Sunday night a fortnight ago held a tremendous audience thrilled with his personal story of the invasion of Normandy. Mr. Brockington—how he wangled permission, we'll never know,—witnessed the invasion from the bridge of the Canadian ship the "Sioux," His ship got within 2000 yards of the shore. Mr. Brockington talked with the captain and the men. He saw the carpet of planes protecting our men. He saw one plane crash into the channel close by. He saw the mine-sweepers ahead clearing the way for the invasion vessels. He saw our shells exploding on the shoreline, demolishing fortifications.

With good reporting eyes, Mr. Brockington had something more—the ability of effectively telling the story to his fellow-Canadians. His story was remarkable in its simplicity, its under-tone, its clarity. It was a great scoop for the CBC because Mr. Brockington was the first man back in Canada from witnessing the invasion. Canadians who have sons and brothers and fathers with the invasion troops owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Brockington for his graphic story. All Canada is grateful, indeed.

BEFORE many months pass, the CBC must make up its mind where it will establish its headquarters. The nonsensical and wasteful arrangement of trying to operate a national broadcasting system from a triangular set-up in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, is far from satisfactory. As it is now, we have the engineering headquarters and the French network headquarters stationed in Montreal under Dr. A. Frigon who is obliged to spend much of his time on the train between Ottawa and Montreal. The Board of Governors meets and has its headquarters in Ottawa. The production centre under Ernest L. Bushnell is in Toronto, at 55 York Street, with an antiquated broadcasting studio three flights up in an out of the way spot on Davenport Road; and two other studios, one in the old Margaret Eaton Hall, and the other on Grenville Street.

It is quite true that the outbreak of war disrupted plans for the building of a large headquarters and studios on North Yonge Street in Toronto. But the establishing of a large CBC building in Toronto is not going to make Montreal very happy, and it doesn't answer the need of a central office in Ottawa. So we find in this year of grace a Canadian radio network, publicly owned, raising and spending a terrific sum of money each year, with a divided national headquarters, with no General Manager yet appointed, and with a growing atmosphere of dissatisfaction and apprehension on the part of staff.

WITH mingled pride and trepidation, the Canadian comedian, Alan Young, recently left Toronto for New York, where he is to appear on the Eddie Cantor show. His first show opened last Wednesday over NBC and Canadians everywhere who have learned to enjoy the bright humor of this shy, slight lad will wish him good luck.

THE Happy Gang recently observed their seventh anniversary on a coast to coast network of the CBC. Ask practically anyone in the Maritimes, or on the Pacific Coast, what their favorite radio program is and seven times out of ten the answer will be "the Happy Gang." Then the inevitable question is, "Is Bert Pearl really 'five foot two'?" Yes, he really is. He was born in Winnipeg in 1913, began a medical course at Manitoba University but abandoned it of necessity and went into radio in 1935. His first audition was as a pianist but the radio people hired him as a vocalist. Bert likes modern music, swimming, and reading in bed.

WHEN we were very young the songster who created the deepest impression on her listeners, (among the younger set anyway) was Helen Morgan who used to sit on top of a piano, holding in her hands a fluttering red handkerchief while she sang "My Man". Today it's Hildegarde who is the singer who sets the hearts aflutter. Is there another popular singer who makes as many transcriptions as Hildegarde? Is there anyone who can sing "The Last Time I Saw Paris" the way she can? Hildegarde is the featured star in a new series of programs replacing Red Skelton. She is heard on Tuesday. The name of the program is "Raleigh Room With Hildegarde." Hildegarde used to be quiz master on the "Beat the Band" program. We hope no one asks us what Hildegarde's full name is, because we don't know.

NOTES for listeners: NBC announces that Arturo Toscanini will launch the winter series of the NBC Symphony orchestra on Sunday, Oct. 29, sharing the 24-week season with Eugene Ormandy, and Malcolm Sargent. . . CBC has shipped short-wave broadcasts to the BBC for transmission to the Canadian soldiers in Normandy . . . listeners are apathetic to the new Charlotte Greenwood broadcast. . . one of the nicer radio programs is by Kate Aitken, in the morning. . . Monica Mugan is back on the air after a brief holiday . . I miss Gordon Sinclair's stories of adventure. . . . Dunninger is now being heard over WGR and other stations. . . Kent Cooper, general manager of Associated Press, has written a new work for the NBC's Stradivari Orchestra program. . . Stanley Maxted did a fine job describing what the mine sweepers did in the Normandy invasion. . .

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Day in and day out the ten thousand men and women of C.G.E. are devoting their experience, resourcefulness and skill to the all-important task of producing arms for our fighting men, and electrical equipment for Canada's vast and vital war industry—to hasten Victory!

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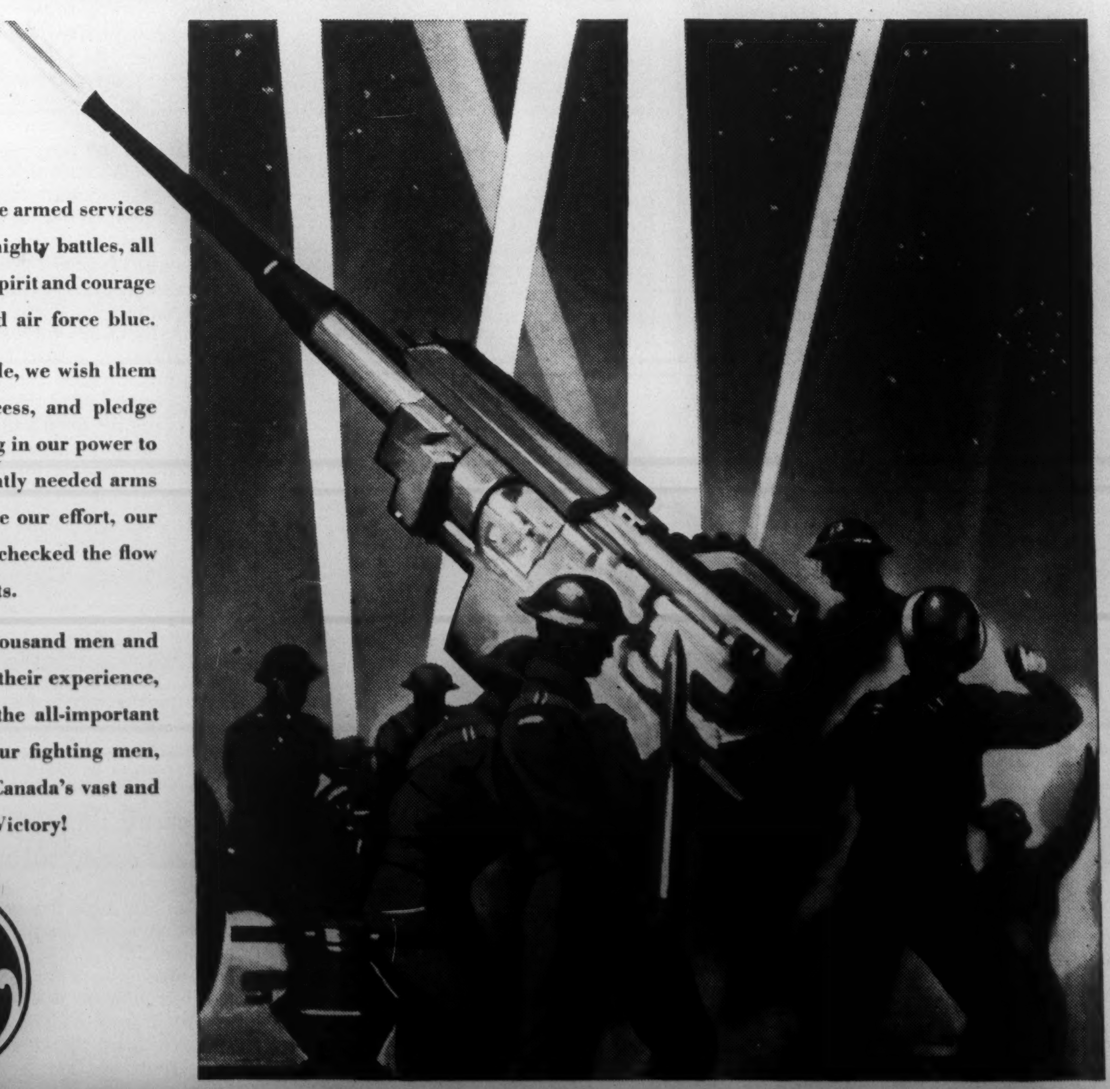

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WORLD OF WOMEN

More Professional Social Workers Are Needed in Canada Today

By STUART JAFFARY

THE heart of social work is the professional social worker. Other members of the social work body are useful and valued—the executives who plan and direct, the boards which consider, the business men who secure the indispensable funds, the volunteers who aid in a hundred ways. But it is the steady heartbeat of the professional worker which keeps the whole body going and which gets the job done.

By "professional social worker" is meant the full-time employee of a social agency, public or private. Increasingly she is a young woman, a graduate of a professional School of Social Work, who has prepared for her profession and loves it; who works long hours for too low a salary, but who reaps deep satisfactions from an intensely human job well done. The days of the non-professional worker are passing; the requirements of the work are for continuity of effort, the use of an accumulating body of professional knowledge, and the acceptance of responsibility for the ordering of human lives. Such requirements cannot be casually met nor such responsibilities lightly undertaken; standards of personality and performance for social workers are being increasingly recognized by competent agencies.

The social worker in today's complex world needs a broad educational base, commonly expressed as university graduation. In her work she requires a wide range of knowledge—knowledge of human behavior, normal and abnormal; of our social institutions such as the family, the community, the church and the state; of our economic system and its functioning; of our governments, their powers and activities. She requires information, too, from other professional disciplines that touch on her own—from law, medicine, and education. To this broad base of essential knowledge are added the necessary professional skills—skills of understanding the various human needs, of influencing human behavior, of social organization, of reporting, planning, and interpreting. This combination of knowledge and skills constitutes the necessary professional equipment of the modern social worker.

Women Predominate

The teaching of this professional preparation of knowledge and skills has become the field of the Schools of Social Work. Unknown yesterday, they are now established all over the world. In pre-Hitler Europe a number were active on the Continent; they are found in South Africa, India, Australia and Mexico. In Great Britain there are some 14, in the United States 40, and Canada has five, three older schools and two newer ones. The older schools are those of the University of British Columbia, the University of Toronto, and the Montreal School of Social Work; the newer ones are those at the University of Montreal (French language) and the Maritime School in Halifax. That these schools are no passing novelty is seen from the fact that the University of Toronto School recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary; many of the American schools have substantial support from endowment, social agencies or from government. In Britain the Ministries of Labor and Supply subsidize four of the schools to prepare workers for industrial welfare work in wartime industry; the single school in Australia is likewise engaged. In the United States several federal government agencies have granted extensive scholarship aid to students at the schools, in preparation for public welfare work in the fields of social insurance, public assistance, and child welfare. Social work is obviously here to stay, and professional education is the accepted entry to it.

The social worker has been referred to as "she", as women have been the predominant members of the profession. However, a steadily increasing number of men has been entering the schools, attracted by the nature and opportunities of the work (the number is now sharply reduced due to the demands of military service). Contrary to the comic strip caricature of the hatchet-faced matron with flat heeled shoes, today's social worker is youngish, intelligent, and personable; she is keenly aware of human and social difficulties, and increasingly more alert to the necessity of adequate preventive measures, hence her entry into the broad public social services. She is generally remarkably (and necessarily) even tempered, but can become justifiably "burned up" by the persistent tragedies of poverty or ignorance, or by the warped personalities resulting from the relentlessly destructive forces so insidiously undermining human beings in every overcrowded neighborhood. Her interest in humankind is fundamental.

The critics of the social worker—and there are many, both from reason and ignorance—often resent her apparent youth, as she attempts to deal with human problems that baffle many an oldster. "Indeed, and just what can that young thing do for *that* family, I'd like to know". As with the physician and the pastor, age and experience are looked to as refuges for human ills. But like the young doctor (and for the same reasons) the social worker of today and tomorrow will be younger, but with a sounder training to make her more quickly useful to her fellows in the community. And the community is discovering, too, that her service is a valuable one, and increasingly is seeking her out. For the relief of distress, like the relief of pain, brings its gratitudes and its neighborly recommendations.

More Workers Needed

The defects of social work are those of any profession in its adolescent stage of growth. At times, social workers, aglow with new knowledge or techniques, rush into personal or community situations for which time and not pressure is the wiser answer. They are defensive, too—as any emerging profession is defensive because of its insecurity—they are often narrowly critical of themselves, of their colleagues or their agencies; too often they are too deeply engrossed in an immediate situation to be able to see the woods for the trees. These are understandable defects. For a profession which is so new, which has grown so rapidly, and is under the constant pressure of human distress, social work is showing an increasing awareness about itself and displaying both interest and capacity in attaining maturity. Its present recognition and responsibilities are strong influences to this end.

The prime needs of this new profession can be simply stated—more workers, strengthened machinery, and vastly increased research. The need for personnel is pressingly urgent. A hundred new workers are immediately needed to fill vacancies across Canada; none are available and few are in training in the schools. Active measures for recruitment are in progress, but substantial government support of the professional schools through student aid will be necessary to procure the numbers now needed and the increasing numbers needed in the future.

Research Required

Social work machinery needs strengthening at many points in our local communities. Agencies are under-staffed and under-financed; considerable areas of need are not covered by appropriate services; there could be better adaptation of our existing services, both to the older needs and to the newer ones arising from wartime causes. Such strengthening calls for study, personnel, and finances; it must be initiated by leadership both from within and from without the communities affected.

Research has been largely honored in the breach. Social work has been so busy *doing* that it has rarely stood back to appraise its efforts; such appraisal is strongly indicated. In Canada little inquiry is needed into processes and techniques; such inquiries have been made generously in the United States and the results are freely available to us. Some of the American experimentation is still undigested; much of what has been digested and proved remains to be applied. In Canada research is required on needs and machinery; on community and regional situations, and particularly in the large public services which today are spending increasing millions of the taxpayers' money with precious little inquiry as to the value received. One per cent of our public welfare expenditures devoted regularly to research would yield most profitable information. We have yet to assemble most of the date we need for intelligent social action.

Social change swirls about us at an ever increasing tempo. Its effect on our social institutions is subtle but pervasive. Intelligent social action must be based on sound knowledge, wise planning, and skillful execution; to it this new profession of social work can make a unique and valuable contribution. In company with its sister professions it is eager to share in the building of that stronger and finer Canada which lies ahead.

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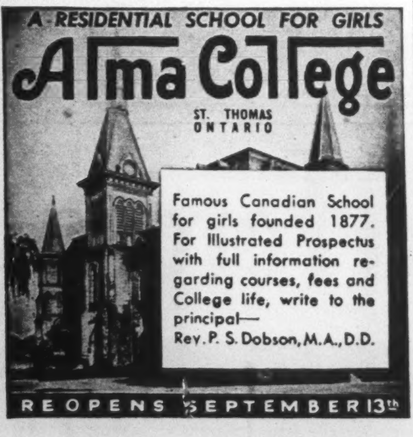

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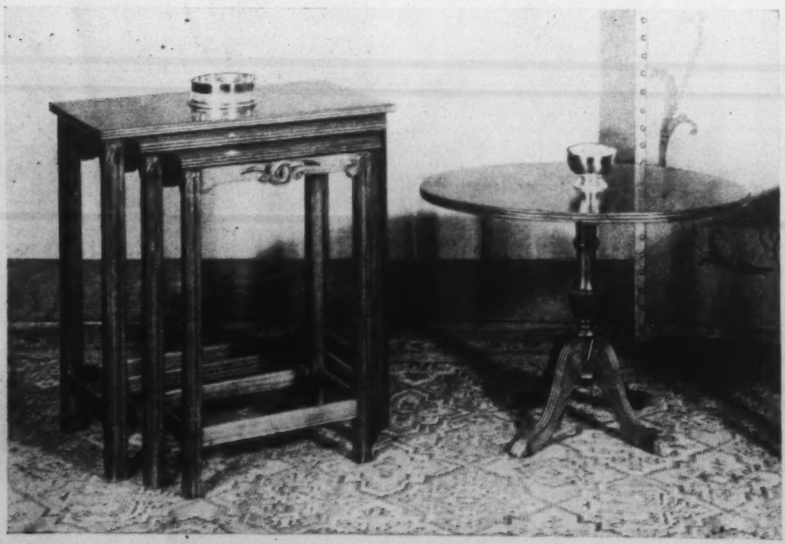

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Work, Language and Shopping Are Problems of Refugees

By AILEEN BRUCE

OUR community is the proud possessor of a refugee family. At least, if we don't actually own them, we have a proprietary interest in them. We refer to them as "our" family, and apparently they don't mind it. This was evidenced by the moving letter of appreciation the head of the family wrote to the Lions' Club. He still is not a complete master of the English language, so that the closing sentence of the gem of a letter read: "Thank you for all you made. God bless you."

Naturally, when you are a stranger in a strange land, it takes a while to become part of that land. Our refugee family are in the adjustment period, they are doing as a dog does before he settles himself, turning around and around until they find a comfortable position. And we are all in sympathy as we watch them, because we realize how difficult it must be for them. They have escaped what the husband and father calls "the hell of Europe", and that harrowing fear no longer exists. They actually believe this Canada of ours is a veritable paradise. But now small trivialities and petty worries take the place of the big worry.

Profession to Toymaker

For instance, the head of the family found he could not practise his profession of dentistry in Canada without going to a Canadian college for three years and passing the Canadian examinations. To support his wife and two small children while doing this would be out of the question. He might be a dentist's technician, but this would not earn him enough to support a family in these days of high prices. So he turned to his hobby of toy-making and was able to get a job at seventy cents an hour. Leaving his new home about six in the morning and working until six at night, he manages to make just enough to pay the rent and the mounting grocery bill.

This last, by the way, continues to be quite an item. When you haven't had enough to eat for four long years, it takes a while to catch up. As he remarked ruefully to one of his new friends: "My family, they can't—how you say—get filled up. They are always hungry."

So the head of the family has his difficulties. He does not complain, he has not complained once since we have known him, and the twinkle in his eye is more apparent than ever. Still he has to rise with the birds, take a train into the city, work steadily until six o'clock and then come home after dusk, too tired to talk to his family. (And this is a disappointment to his mother, who does not speak English at all and who depends entirely on her son to keep her in touch with the progress of the war.) His difficulties are shared by many, many Canadians, but at least they are not struggling with a strange language, strange customs, and a queer new currency.

But even so, his adjustment may be easier than that of his wife. He speaks English fairly well, enough to make himself understood and to carry on a conversation. She, who is just groping in a maze of strange and difficult words, is often at a loss. When they first came to their new home, the man of the family did the daily shopping. But now, since he is away all day, this falls to his wife. Daily she trudges down to the general store, pushing the youngest in his pram and armed with a German-English dictionary. Perhaps it is that our general storekeeper is beginning to speak a little German, or perhaps Mrs. —— is learning a little English, but whatever it is, she does come home every day with her arms full of groceries. She is a good cook and housekeeper and once home with her precious bundles, she finds joy in preparing delicious meals she knows her family will revel in.

Adjustments to Make

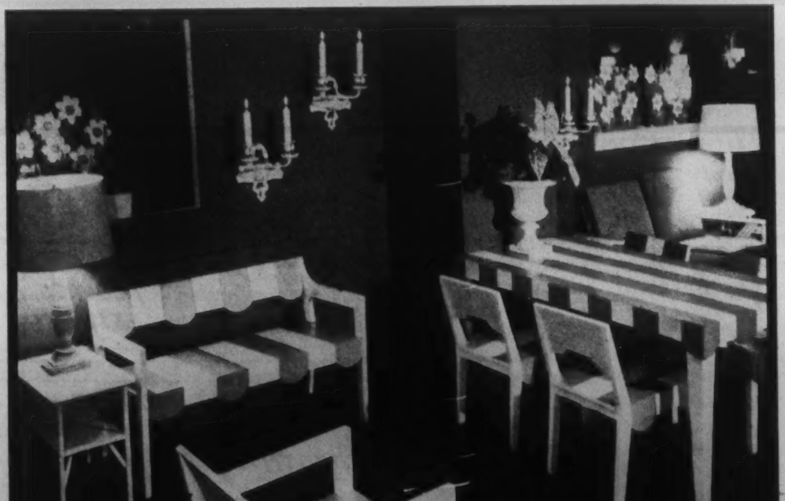
And the grandmother, what of her troubles? For a while, when she first came, she was so tired and utterly weary, she couldn't seem to get enough rest. The cottage is small and there seemed no refuge from the laughter and weeping of Gilbert and Peter, nine months and four years respectively. Grandmother dearly loves them both, but when you are over seventy, grandchildren who are not vocal have a definite appeal. Then at night, Gilbert has often fallen out of bed. The crib provided for him does not provide for his athletic ambitions. As Father replied when some helpful person advised: "You should tie Gilbert in" . . . "You don't know Gilberairre."

But now that summer has come, it delights the visitors' eyes to see Grandmother lying in a deck chair on the lawn overlooking the lake, dozing while she soaks up the comforting rays of the sun. And when some thoughtful person brings her a book or a newspaper written in her own language, her eyes light up and she finds it impossible to convey her gratitude. Her mind is still wide-awake and keen.and reading is one of her joys.

What Shall I Say?

But what of Peter, the son and heir? He is having his adjustments to make too. He has many playmates in the neighborhood and enjoys playing outdoors all day. But every now and then he comes running to his mother and in German, he asks in perplexity: "Mother, what shall I say to that little boy?" or "Mother, how shall I ask that little girl to play with me?" And his patient mother shakes her head and says helplessly: "Peter, I don't know. Wait till I find the dictionary."

And "Gilberairre",—he has been baptized in the Presbyterian Church, and all unkowing has taken the most important step in his career as a Canadian citizen.



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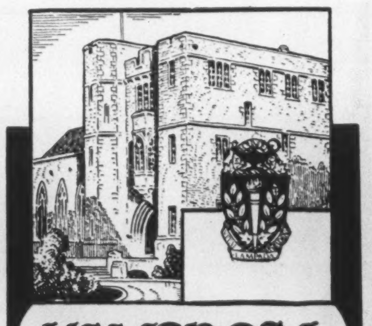

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Original Work by Cesar Borre; Great Singing by Hertha Glaz

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE guest conductor at last week's Promenade Symphony concert in Varsity Arena was the Belgian musician Cesar Borre, who has now been in Canada more than a decade. As in past appearances his mastery of detail, firm command over his forces, and special aptitude as an interpreter of French composers were demonstrated.

In Borre's performance there was a revelation, that as a young man he has won recognition in Belgium as an operatic composer. One of the numbers was an Intermezzo from his one-act piece "Amour d'Apache" which in years gone by won a prize offered by the Grand Opera, Antwerp, for an original short opera.

In the early nineties the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," established a vogue for brief realistic works of a singular sanguinary type which lasted many seasons. Those named alone have survived, but many clever examples of the form were produced, until the public tired of homicide in a musical setting.

A notable example was "L'Oracolo" by Franco Leoni, in which Scotti was marvellous as a sinister Chinaman and a more recent example was "The Poor Sailor" a modernistic work by Darius Milhaud. It may be said that the last Act of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" is entirely in this genre. Since murder was a first requirement in all these works one assumes that it played a part in the libretto of Mr. Borre's piece, as well as hot and lawless love.

Mascagni also set the fashion of providing an Intermezzo, and that composed by Mr. Borre, is a fine, dramatic piece of writing, marked by surging melody and skilful in orchestral treatment. Altogether it is a very stimulating work and I enjoyed it more than Liszt's "Les Preludes" which followed with which, truth to tell, I am rather fed up.

The 400th Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the first to arrive overseas, recently celebrated their fourth anniversary in England at the Brevit Flying Club, Chesterfield St., London. Here are two of the merrymakers, Miss Florence O'Grady and Flight Lieutenant E. Maloney, D.F.C.

Several of the orchestral items were of historical interest apart from their musical appeal. "Les Preludes" itself for instance, is the most widely known fruit of Liszt's movement to link music with literature and painting; a form for which he devised the term "tone-poem". "Les preludes" was inspired by a passage in Lamartine's "Poetic Meditations"; "What is our life but a series of preludes to that unknown song of which death strikes the first solemn note?" But I never was able to discover any profound spiritual quality in the composition though it tickles the ear in a broad way and is almost as effective with a good brass band as with an orchestra.

First Tone-Poem in France

Infinitely finer, partly because it is not so pretentious; and partly because Saint-Saens, a friend and admirer of Liszt, excelled him in mastery of orchestral technique; was "Le Rouet d'Omphale," in which Hercules is compelled to sit and spin among the maidens of the Queen of Lydia. The flowing loveliness of the music and the piquancy of its pauses makes it continuously fascinating. It was the very first tone-poem composed in France.

In all Saint-Saens wrote four tone-poems, best known of which is the immortal "Danse Macabre." The other two are "Youth of Hercules" and "Phaeton," said to be brilliant also, which I would like to hear revived.

Two other works on the program had historical significance. The less known was "Ouverture Dramatique" by Georges Bizet, inspired by Sardou's "Patrie," an historical play having for its background the heroic resistance of the Netherlands to Spain. It was an ambitious attempt, abounding in pathetic situations and adroit inventions, but failed because of the self - contradictory character of the heroine, who puzzled audiences.

Though the action was placed in another country and another century it was believed that Sardou was thinking of the subjection of France to Germany, following the then recent Franco-Prussian War; and that Bizet had similar thoughts. The composition became Bizet's first definitely popular success. This was in 1874, a year before "Carmen" and just before his early death. To modern music lovers the name of Bizet signifies only "Carmen" and "l'Arlesienne." But in truth he composed more than a half score of works for the theatre, and suffered many disappointments.

"Flying Dutchman"

History attaches to the overture of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman", the first number on the program. On November 5th, 1841, when he completed it, Wagner wrote on the title page "In night and wretchedness, *Per aspera ad astra.* God grant it!" The opera had indeed been composed in deprivation and hardship, but in this, his first music drama based on Nordic legend, he had indeed found his star. All his subsequent work was legendary in a similar sense,—an entirely new field in opera. It was conceived in Paris where he and his wife Minna almost starved, and were pursued by creditors. The story of Vanderdecken which he came upon in a poem by Heine, haunted him: and he wrote a one-act French libretto on it entitled "Le Vaisseau fantome" which he proposed to set to music. Meyerbeer of the Grand Opera was induced to read it, and liked it enough to encourage Wagner by offering to buy it for use by another composer. Poverty compelled him to accept the proposal and he received 500 francs. But he was determined to make the romantic tale the basis of an inherently German opera, of the type Weber had advocated, and to forswear alien themes like "Rienzi.

"The Flying Dutchman" was the embarkation point of the real Wagner. The composer's criticism in later life on this and other early works was "Too much brass!" That was apparent in last week's rendering, but its melodies are haunting and the opus may be said to live through its overture.

Hertha Glaz

Few who saw them have forgotten the essentially "precious" productions of the Salzburg Opera Guild under Ernst Krenek at Eaton Auditorium in the early autumn of 1937; the Krenek arrangement of Monteverde's "Coronation of Poppaea"; Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte"; Rossini's "Marriage Market"; Ibert's "Angelique" and Milhaud's "Le Pauvre Maletot" (The Poor Sailor, above alluded to).

Perhaps the most gifted of the ambitious young singers was the Viennese contralto, Hertha Glaz. The experiment was not a box office success but it launched Miss Glaz on a brilliant American career. In the interval she has sung here and in other Canadian cities on several occasions; but never in the past have her tones been so splendid or her artistry so supreme as on her appearance at the Proms last week.

The full, pure beauty of her declamation and her mastery of expression gave fresh interest even to such familiar numbers as "Knowest Thou the Land" from "Mignon" and the Habanera from "Carmen."She also sang the aria "O Mio Fernando," which is all that survives of Donizetti's once popular "Favorita," with enthralling beauty and intensity. Unlike many operatic singers Miss Glaz is a mistress of the recital style. Her rendering of Russian songs had free, stirring romantic quality, and her rhythmical intuitions were brilliantly manifest in a Venezuelan folk song.

Musical Notes

Frequently in recent years I have been asked as to the whereabouts of the Irish tenor with a lark in his throat, John McCormack. I did not know until the other day, when I learned that he was back in Dublin, where he made his debut in 1903 as a boy of 18. The Irish have inaugurated a plan for "Moore Nights" analogous to the "Burns Nights," known in Scottish communities the world over. It is a rather belated movement, since Thomas Moore died in 1852 at the age of 73; but the building where he was born at No. 12 Angier St. Dublin still stands, a public house as it was when used by the poet's father. "Moore Nights" were inaugurated on these premises this spring, and among those who participated in the celebration in company with many Dublin celebrities, was McCormack. He is now 59.

Zara Nelsova, the famous Canadian 'cellist has received a letter from the very eminent Russian 'cellist, Hertz Tzomik, soloist of the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, (and in 1933 Laureate of the All-Union Music Competition) in which he states that he learned of her career through VOKS, a Soviet organization to promote knowledge of artistic developments in other countries. He greets her as a most distinguished fellow artist and asks her to acquaint him with novelties in her repertory, and various compositions for the 'cello published in America in the past few years.

The other day Ivan Gillies, a young blind composer, pianist and organist from the Maritime provinces played a new Piano Sonata of his own before an interested coterie at the Arts and Letters Club. Now resident in Truro, N.S., Mr. Gillies was formerly a well known figure in Halifax. Last year he came to the Toronto Conservatory of Music for advanced instruction in composition with Dr. Willan, and coaching in other branches with Reginald Godden, pianist, and Dr. Charles Peaker, organist His Sonata is in part the result of these studies.

In melody and harmonic treatment it reveals a fresh creative impulse. The first movement is grave, sombre and arresting; and the slow movement which follows of similar quality. The finale is brilliant and sparkling, and unique in the power of its rhythmical devices. Mr. Gillies is regarded by the Faculty of the Conservatory as one of the most gifted musicians to have studied within its walls. Three years ago, at the age of 21, he was recipient of one of the awards for the Canadian Performing Right Society for original composition.

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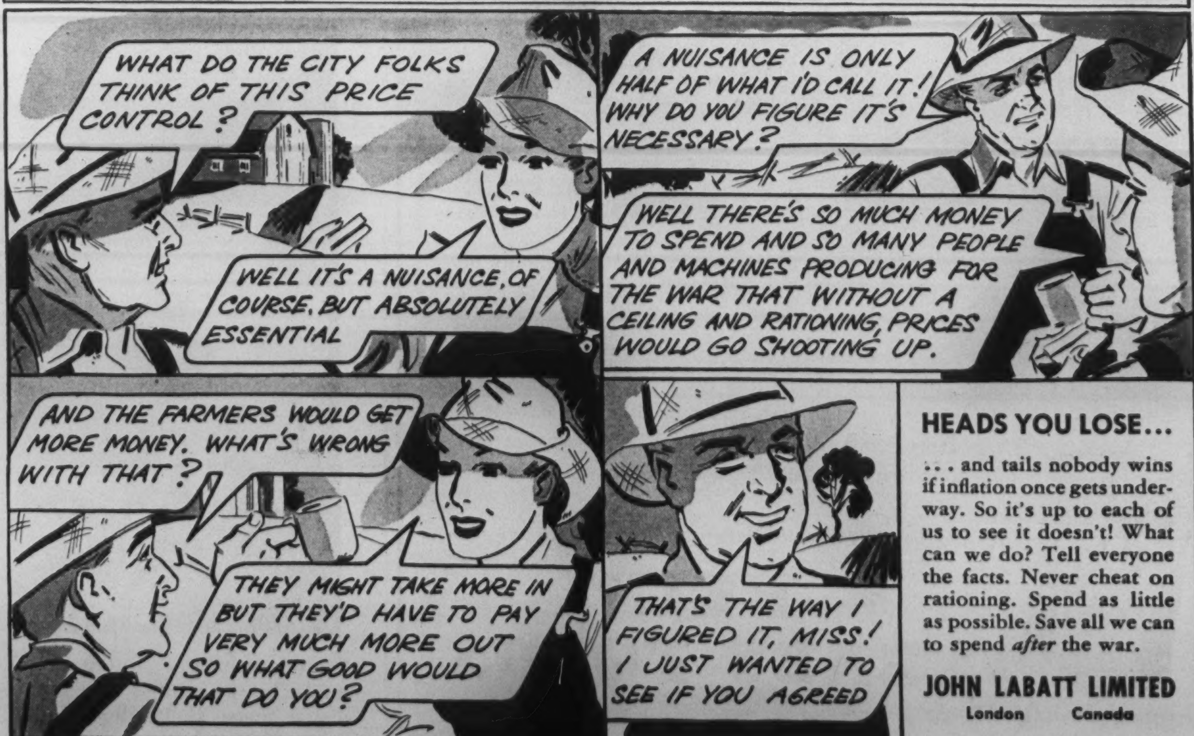
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Gaslight: "Brilliantly Devised Study in Horror, Sadism"

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

PEOPLE who saw Judith Evelyn in "Angel Street" are inclined to rate her hysterics as superior to the display put on by Ingrid Bergman, who appears in the screen-version, re-titled "Gaslight". I missed the stage play and perhaps for that reason found "Gaslight" a feast of rich and satisfying horror. It is possible that Ingrid Bergman's shrieks don't ring out quite so thrillingly through the handsome clutter of the London house as Judith Evelyn's did. But Miss Bergman is so beautiful and touching to look at and the creeps supplied by the story are so abundant and unusual that the film-version of the Patrick Hamilton play is worth anyone's time. In fact I can't think of a more satisfactorily chilling way to spend a hot summer evening.

In itself "Gaslight" is a brilliantly devised study in sadism, and you will have no trouble in believing that, given that peculiar combination of domestic isolation and Victorian decor, a husband could easily drive his wife crazy by such simple methods as removing pictures from the wall and popping his watch into her handbag when she wasn't looking. The husband's devices may seem trivial but they have a powerfully cumulative effect and before the picture is over you are almost ready to scream with Miss Bergman. The rich and gloomy decorum of the London house makes of course a wonderful setting for the peculiar behavior of its inmates; and the background music for once is content to supplement and underline rather than announce the action.

The jewel-stealing motivation in the plot is stagey and perfunctory. But if you accept in its place a maniacal will-to-destroy, waiting coiled and intelligent in the husband's twisted imagination, then the story becomes a remarkable exercise in psychological horror. The husband's role is a departure for Charles Boyer but he makes the transition from hero to heel without turning a hair. All he has to do, in fact, is put a reverse spin on his customary manner of silky persuasiveness; and the tender lover, who knows every trick of making a woman happy, becomes a quiet monster who can just as easily, by applying solicitude in another direction, drive her completely out of her wits.

Miss Bergman's performance as the wife is on the quiet side. She doesn't, it is obvious, get all the fireworks possible out of an essentially showy role. But within the limits she has set herself she is able to convey in a beautiful and piteous fashion, the slow sinking of her will under a pressure she is unable to oppose or understand.

A comedy role with Dame May Whitty as an inquisitive spinster neighbor has been written into the original, with the idea probably of diluting the rather heady horror of the piece. It doesn't seem to be entirely a good idea. Horror of this quality should be taken neat.

Two Out of Same Mold

By what may or may not have been an uncanny coincidence, two current offerings, "Uncertain Glory" and "The Impostor" start out with precisely the same situation: a French murderer is about to face the guillotine when a British bombing raid intervenes and breaks up the formalities so that the criminal escapes back into society. There are a few minor differences from this point on, owing to the fact that the hero of "Uncertain Glory" is Errol Flynn, while the hero of "The Impostor" is Jean Gabin, so that Hero Gabin sails to Africa where he joins the Fighting French, while Hero Flynn stays in France and takes up with a pretty girl. In the end, however, the two films add up to practically the same thing. The heroes of both square themselves with the audience by becoming patriotic Frenchmen, and the authors square themselves with the Hayes office by bumping their heroes off (though gloriously) in the final sequence. Hero Gabin is a better actor than Hero Flynn, but on the other hand "The Impostor" is duller than "Uncertain Glory". I'd hate to take the responsibility of advising anyone which to go to, or indeed of advising anyone to go to either.

A few years ago a group of young workers organized a show called "Meet the People" and put it on with such extravagant vigor and bounce that it achieved a short run and even went on tour. Hollywood bought it, retaining the title but dissolving out the contents. It then concocted a story about an ebullient young playwright (Dick Powell at his least ebullient) and a famous star (Lucille Ball) who visits the shipyard where he works and eventually helps him put on his show. The show, needless to say, bears not the slightest resemblance to the hearty and likable amateurishness of the original "Meet the People".

Coe Glade, the famous mezzo-soprano who will be the guest star at the Promenade Symphony, Thurs., July 6.

THE THEATRE

Shaw's Noted Satire on Affairs Military Done at Royal Alex

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"ARMS AND THE MAN", at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this past week, is the play in which George Bernard Shaw found himself as a creative writer, after failure as a novelist. It was the first of what he termed his "pleasant plays" and the first to win general attention. Its premiere took place in London on April 24th, 1894. After half a century it is astonishingly fresh and sparkling, and, light as it is, emerges as the most brilliant English comedy written after "School for Scandal" in 1777.

An assortment of games and books sufficient to entertain 200 men should they find themselves isolated from other amusements during an operational lull is contained in this new "Welfare" pack issued as a free gift to the troops. This assortment weighs only 30 pounds.

It is regrettable that modern playgoers know it chiefly through the commonplace distortion of its story, by the Viennese librettist of "The Chocolate Soldier", in which all the savor of Shaw's wit and satire vanished. In choosing Bulgaria as his locale, he was no more anxious to portray Bulgarian life, than was Gilbert when he wrote "The Mikado" to present Japanese life. He was really hitting at surviving ideas of feudalism in England. He had but recently been the most brilliant "soap-boxer" in London; in this piece the philosophy of Shaw the soap-boxer is expressed through the maid, Louka and the man servant, Nicola. These were the first of a long series of humble characters in whose mouths he put memorable sayings.

"Arms and the Man" really came into its own in England after the last war when the veracity of its satire on the soldier's life, (in which Shaw is said to have been coached by General Neville Macready) was realized. It may be said that Canadian history affords a parallel to Captain Bluntschli in Sir Frederick Haldimand, a Swiss soldier of fortune who rendered great service to Britain in this country in the 18th century; and after retirement returned to Switzerland where he died. His efficiency was unquestionable, and also unpopular.

High praise is due to Robert Henderson for the taste and intelligence of the current production. The interpretation was serious and pungent, with none of the stickiness and buffoonery of "The Chocolate Soldier" tradition. Period costumes fitted in well with the lofty ideas satirized; and every line was handled at just the right pace. Alexander Kirkland brought personal distinction to the urbane, intelligent Bluntschli; Peter Boyne provided a convincing study of the vain, frustrated Sergius. Madge Evans, lovely to look on, was deliciously feminine as the wavering Raina; Jane Moultrie and Robert Emhardt were capital as her mother and father. The two most Shavian characters, the servants, were flawlessly presented by Marie Paxton and Wells Richardson.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Home Economists Have a Word for It that Needs a Touch of Glamour

By JANET MARCH

YOU only have to murmur the word "nutrition" for a good many people to get a glazed look of indifference. Nutrition to them means a sort of double talk about proteins, and calories, and vitamins with enough letters after their names to justify wearing a fancy colored academic hood. It does not convey to most persons the sort of meals they like to eat. What probably flashes through the pictorial section of their minds is a picture of a vegetable plate with a good many boiled beets and carrots on it and some slices of that health bread which seems to be largely made of husks. A few better informed people may see a thick steak served with green peas and new potatoes, but not many, and as the second picture would probably represent better nutrition than the first it is too bad.

It seems to me the trouble is that the actual word nutrition is a stuffy one, but I have no suggestions for a more attractive one which will charm erring housewives into giving their families better meals. Another thing the nutritionists have to buck is that they can work awfully hard and have few results to show. No committee of investigators exists to prove that after attending a good course of lectures the housewife gives up her habit of feeding her growing family on fried potatoes, toast and coffee for breakfast instead of the more desirable fruit, cereal and milk.

Working to improve the nation's nutrition standards must sometimes seem as hopeless as trying to improve the shape of a girl's legs. However, you are born with the legs but you can buy your food.

There's no question but that the war has done a lot to stimulate good nutrition, and one of the things which is helping is the Swift Foundation's award of a Fellowship in Applied Nutrition. This Fellowship was given for the year 1942-43 with Dr. Edna Guest and Miss Ethel Chapman as Honorary Trustees. Miss Frances McKay of Winnipeg was chosen and as she was employed by the Manitoba Government she was loaned to the Swift Foundation for the year. Miss McKay started her work in Nova Scotia and visited every community in every one of the Provinces which she could in the time at her disposal. The report of her survey has been circulated recently and no doubt will prove of great value to all those who are interested in raising the nutritional standards of this country. It is public spirited of the Swift Corporation to make a project such as this financially possible. One of the obvious benefits from the survey will be that one community learns from another's work new means of attacking the problem.

Some of the methods are displays in store windows, broadcasts, classes in nutrition, slips enclosed in pay envelopes, posters, distribution of tested recipes; and, of course, to make this type of work effective and to avoid overlapping the formation of nutrition councils of interested people in each community. The holder of the Swift Fellowship made a particular effort to organize trained home economists in each community she visited so that their expert knowledge would be available to any central committee engaged in similar work.

The best place to do effective nutrition work is in the schools, and that is emphasized in the report. "Catch 'em young and feed 'em well" might be the motto adopted. Only so much can be done with the older housewives. Some of them change their ways of feeding but many won't. With the children lies the great hope for future improvement.

The Survey Report of the Canada and Newfoundland Education Association puts health as the first necessity of education. They want better physical conditions within many of the schools of the country. They want hot school lunches, medical and dental inspection, etc. Without healthy pupils you don't get good educational results, and you can't get health without proper feeding. It is unlikely that all the publicity and broadcasts in the world will assure good feeding in all the homes so the only way to get it is to give the children their mid-day meal at school and so load it with proteins and vitamins and all the rest of it that they can stand up to the possibility of two rather poor meals at home. It has been proved by experiment that children like food which is nutritionally sound. Of course the menus for these school lunches will have to be drawn up by trained home economists.

Food For Thought

But school lunches are not the only answer. The children should receive more training than they do in cooking food properly and in knowing what food is right. Personally I think the boys too, should have some cooking classes, and the girls some manual training classes. I've driven an awful lot of screws in crooked because I only learned how to make white sauce and not how to use a screw driver. Only the other day a sad picture was painted of Harley Street specialists and English M.P.'S having to do all their own housework. I bet they could do a swifter, more efficient job of it if they had been taught how to make stew at Eton instead of just learning about how to win the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields dressed in their old school tie.

Statistics are not available as to how many men do their own cooking but I have reason to believe it is surprisingly large. I see a good many efficient looking male housekeepers poking tomatoes and weighing grapefruit in their hands in grocery shops.

It looks as if the solution is, for us all to become good cooks because, surprisingly, food that tastes good nearly always is nutritionally good into the bargain.

Strawberries for a Lucullian Feast of Taste, Color and Fragrance

By JOSEPHINE LEGH

WHEN the first hoarse cry of the street hawker—"Fresh, ri' red strawbreish" floats through the open window, let us rob the baby's bank, if necessary, in order to enjoy one grand and glorious feast of strawberries during their brief season.

To "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream" was the fetching line handed to the story book Princess of long ago, by an ardent admirer who had sound ideas when it came to the question of food.

The appeal of strawberries aside from their eyecatching blaze of color is that of fragrance, particularly that of the wild strawberry. There is nothing to equal it. To obtain the fullest enjoyment one must pick the small juicy berries from a sunny pasture land, hull them as you go along, and when the china cup (it must be china) is about half full, inhale the heady perfume. In marshy spots among the tall grasses grow in graceful clusters, on long stalks, a much larger and less sweet variety which may be picked as a bouquet.

Crimson And Green

Apartment dwellers who can indulge only in wishful thinking about green pastures and enticing wild fruit, may do very well for themselves with the cultivated berries now on the market. There are innumerable varieties ranging from the small, often tart, deep red berry, to the large, luscious white and red ones, peachlike in texture.

A strawberry acreage at dawn is an unforgettable sight — long even rows of thrifty plants, the morning dew sparkling on dark green foliage and crimson berries. The strawberry pickers arrive early for at the height of the season there is no time to waste. Each day the crop must be harvested for the strawberry is one of the most perishable of fruits. The pickers work their way methodically down the long rows and other helpers gather the filled boxes on large trays with handles, carrying them to the nearest packing shed, where skillful girls and women sort and pack the boxes with dextrous fingers. They must be careful not to bruise the berries and a quick estimate must be made of the exact space and size of berry to make the box flush with the top and as attractive looking as possible. The boxes are then crated and shipped on the early train.

A saucer of strawberries and

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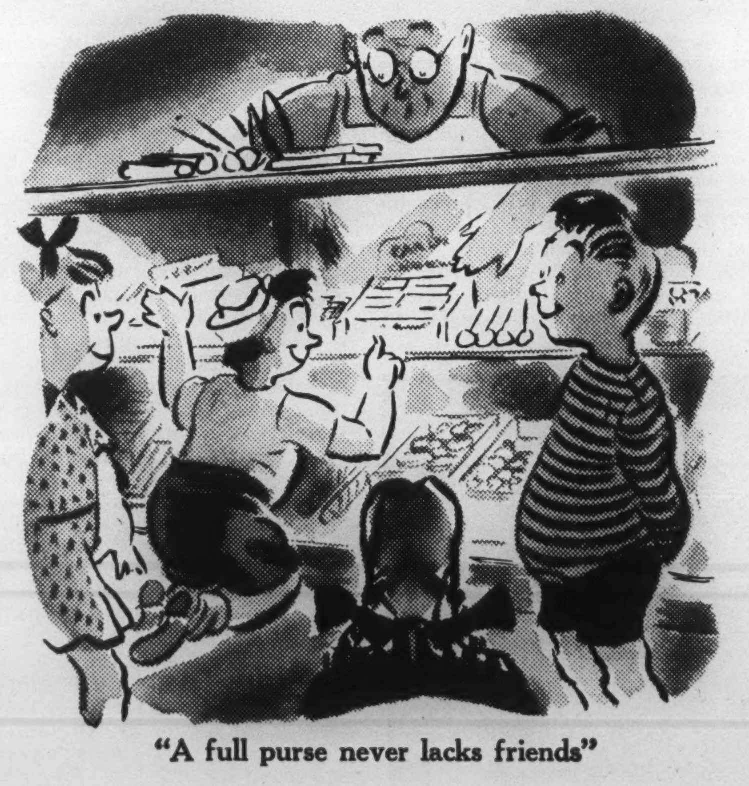

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cream eaten with fresh bread and butter or hot tea biscuit is a treat most of us consider adequate and satisfying, but to "paint the lily" in this case is not excess, for there are so many combinations in which this queen of berries may be used for variety and epicurean delight.

For instance Strawberry Syllabub, the very name falls in pleasant rhythmical cadence upon the ear. Yes, we know all about the whipped cream which has been so conspicuous by its absence of late, but there is no harm in dwelling fondly upon this delicious idea before passing on to more practical ways and means.

Strawberry Syllabub

Add 2 tablespoons sugar and teaspoon vanilla to 3 stiffly beaten egg whites, fold in 2 cups whipped cream, 1 cup crushed strawberries added slowly. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses with lady fingers.

The lady fingers, that extra touch of elegance, may be made from sponge cake cut in long strips. Sponge cake made with lemon juice and grated rind for fine texture and enchanting aroma.

Strawberry whip is within our rationed reach and is a delicate dessert, just the sort of thing one craves after a siege of prosaic pies and puddings.

Strawberry Whip

1½ cups strawberries
1 cup powdered sugar
white of 1 egg

Beat white of egg and add crushed berries and sugar. Chill and serve with thin boiled custard and little fresh drop cakes.

The most popular way of serving strawberries is, of course, the shortcake. There are at least three schools of thought as to how this is made. There is the group which holds out for a foundation of extra good biscuit dough, served hot, piled high with crushed berries and sugar, plus the heaviest cream obtainable. There are people who must have their shortcake in the form of a pie or round layer cake. Then again many prefer the old fashioned Sally Lunn which, when properly made, is the peer of them all.

Sally Lunn Strawberry Shortcake

3 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
½ cup milk
¾ cup butter

Mix flour and butter together with hand, add the beaten egg and milk, mix with a spoon and drop in a deep pan. After it is cooked open up and spread with butter, then spread thickly with mashed and sweetened strawberries. Serve with cream. N.B. Let no one complain of skimpy butter helpings for a few days following this repast.

There are remote sections of the country where that almost forgotten, super luxury, pan cream, may be had. Cream not homogenized, pasteurized, separated, or otherwise tampered with in the name of sanitation and science, but velvety yellow cream rising thick on the top of a deep pan which has been filled the night before with milk fresh from placid brown-eyed Jersey cows. This cream, skimmed in a rich, crinkled fold and added to a strawberry shortcake, is truly a feast for the gods.

We may console ourselves that an excellent substitute, namely Devonshire cream, is within our reach. Remember the little brown jugs of this delicious cream we used to buy for sixpence in England many years ago?

Devonshire Cream

Put a panful of milk in a cold place for 24 hours. Place on fire and let it come slowly to scalding point. It must not boil. Put in a cool place for 6 or 12 hours. Then skim, the cream will be firm and sweet.

Sun preserved strawberries have a flavor all their own. Here is the rule for making this original and delicious preserve.

Sun Preserved Strawberries

Hull 3 lbs. large perfect strawberries. Cook 3 lbs. fine granulated sugar and 2 cups boiling water until it spins a thread. Do not stir after it begins to boil. Add berries and cook 15 minutes after they start to boil. Pour on flat dishes and let stand in a sunny window for 2 days or until syrup is thick and rich. Place in small glasses for individual use.

A pleasantly decorative addition to breakfast or luncheon during strawberry time is a glass compote piled high with big berries, hulls and stems intact. They may be dipped in sugar as eaten.

"Not on morality, but on cookery, let us build our strength," said Carlyle. May we add to that, not on quantity but on quality let us depend.

• •

"I Don't Have to Try"

By MONA GOULD

EVERY year we go through the same routine. Come the Spring and Easter exams, and I am assured by my son that these are terribly important. You can almost tell if you pass at Easter whether or not you will "have to try" in June.

When his report comes in the marks are always pretty fair. But that doesn't alter things. No sir! "Even so," remarks this sage of fourteen, "I'll prob'ly have to try in Math."

"We'll know on Friday," he says gloomily, "but I'm almost sure to have to try Math and Geography and prob'ly Business Practice—so brace yourself." I smile, and try to reassure him by pointing out that even if he should fall down in a subject or two I will neither beat him, nor turn him out. Still the gloom sits very patently on his usually puckish puss.

So I wait for his phone call. It comes at noon. It comes in a small hoarse solemn voice. "Well . . . I don't have to try . . *so far* . . that I *know*. This aft' I'll find out! I'm sure to have to write Business Practice!"

So four o'clock creeps round. My phone rings again. I rush to answer it.

"Hello Mom," comes a dejected voice.

I try to be bright and practical and very casual.

"Well . . . do you have to try in anything?"

Lengthy silence. "Yes . . . I do . . . darn it! Have to write my Manual Training and Draughting."

"Well, that isn't so bad," I comfort. "You can study up on it, can't you?"

Loud laughter at the other end of the phone. The annual gag has worked. Great magnificent shrieks of triumph. "No. I don't have to try in anything, isn't it wonderful? Dick doesn't have to try either. Do you, Dick? Hold the line a minute, Dick wants to speak to you!"

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2 cups sifted flour
½ tspn. salt
4 tbspns. shortening
½ cup chopped nuts, any kind, or raisins
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup brown sugar

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until mixed. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup; add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out ¼-inch thick; sprinkle with brown sugar and nuts. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces. Stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 18.

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1 tablespoon chopped parsley

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THE LONDON LETTER

Will the Government Move the Brontosaurus or Soothe It?

By P. O'D.

ONE of the big problems of post-war planning—how difficult it is to keep away from that dull but insistent subject!—is the distribution of industry. It is the sort of problem that Hitler would solve easily. He would simply push the population around to fit in with industry, or make industry move to where the working population was waiting for it. Just a little matter of signing an order—or perhaps yelling at them.

These problems are not so easily solved in a democracy, and the Government has been devoting a lot of hard thinking to this one, as was made clear in a recent debate in the House of Commons. The Government is determined—at any rate, it sounds determined—to prevent industry again piling up in some areas like a log-jam in a timber drive, and leaving others bare, with populations whose livelihood has simply drifted away from them.

In general it may be taken for granted that it is easier to shift industry than to shift population, especially in a country like this where roots go deep, and people are willing to put up with real hardship rather than leave their familiar surroundings, however grim these may sometimes seem.

Industry is easier. You can always talk turkey to a business man. Capital is rather like one of those mesozoic monsters—the brontosaurus, for instance—huge, hungry, timid, and with a very long neck.

The Government has two handy and hefty weapons, if at any time it should choose to get tough. One is the allocation of the war factories which will be on its hands when the great struggle is over. The other is the issuance of building permits, without which it will be impossible to get necessary supplies for reconstruction. It can also, of course, refuse permission for further development in congested areas.

Altogether the Government is in a good strong position, and apparently in a mood to take advantage of it. But you can never be quite sure with governments. They are terribly soft-hearted, and the spectacle of a number of eminent industrialists standing in the lobby in tears is generally more than they can bear. Perhaps this one will be made of sterner stuff.

Midnight Watch

Just a little vignette of midnight on the Channel Coast, the English side. Never mind where—the Censor might not like it. Motor convoys rumbling along the road, squat, formidable shapes looming huge and vague in the starlight, herded along by the dispatch-riders, which dart about them like so many collie dogs. High overhead the even more formidable argosies of the air, going out across the Channel in wave after wave, invisible except for their tiny navigation lights of green and red, and the momentary blotting out of stars as one gazes up into the sky.

On the railway bridge across the little river the occasional sound of a heavy and regular tread, as a sentry patrols his beat. And coming through intervals of these varied and ominous sounds, all this immense vibration that seems to make the whole air quiver and the darkened earth and the bones and the heart of man, the voice of nightingales singing from the wooded bank above the river, lovely and serene and clear, the song that has outlasted all the wars and sufferings of history.

"For Death, he taketh all away, but these he cannot take".

The Home Guard sentry fumbled for words.

"It don't seem right," he said finally, "it seems just daft to be tryin' to kill people on a night like this." But he added after a pause, "except Jerries, of course. Some things has got to be done." We left it at that.

Green Gone from Leicester

Even the homesick soldier in the last war, who was such a long, long way from Tipperary, felt obliged to sing his farewell also to Leicester Square. For the man on leave Leicester Square is almost the centre of London—that odd, cramped little square in the heart of theatreland, with its paved walks and benches, its melancholy flower-beds and plane trees, and its statue of Shakespeare.

This is one square that certainly needed the protection of its railings. Now that these have been removed, people have tramped across its turf until it has lost all resemblance to grass. Except for the trees and the shrubbery, there is almost nothing left to remind one of the distant days when it formed part of Leicester Fields, and gentlemen used to meet there in the early hours of the morning to settle questions of honor with rapier or pistol. And only a few busts and a tablet here and there to indicate that Newton and Sir Joshua Reynolds once lived there, and Hogarth, and Dean Swift.

The Planning Committee of the Royal Academy is now taking Leicester Square in hand, and putting forward schemes for its reconstruction. Wisely, if a little sadly, they are cutting out the turf and the flower-beds, but leaving the plane trees and the statue of Shakespeare—a copy of Scheemaker's in Westminster Abbey—and the busts of Newton and Reynolds and Hogarth.

For the rest, just pavement and seats, many more seats, so that people can sit there and eat their luncheons—or perhaps wait for their girl. The greenery has had to give up the struggle against the grey of stone and cement. We can't go back to Arcadia.

Lucky "Chinese" Jackson

Captain Henry Jackson—"Chinese" Jackson, as he is known among sailormen—got back to his native London a week or so ago, after two and a half years in the Pacific. He is the commodore of a petroleum fleet, and it was the first chance his company and his friends had had to celebrate the award to him of the O.B.E. more than two years ago. Capt. Jackson, who is 68, has a record that can hardly be equalled even in the splendid annals of the Merchant Navy in this war—and also had some very, very narrow escapes.

Tankers are supposed to be the sitting ducks of the ocean hunting-grounds. But Capt. Jackson has sailed 240,000 miles in tankers, most of it in enemy-infested waters! He is a brave and skilful sailor, but also a lucky one.

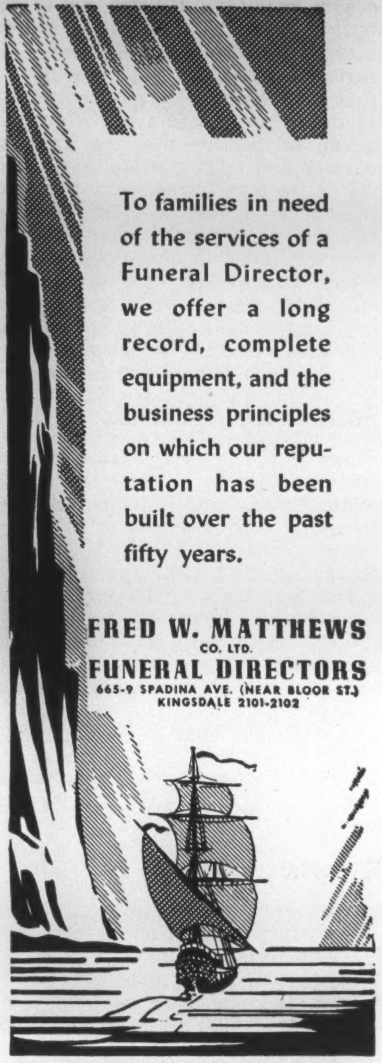
Keeper of King's English

Some very attractive titles are attached to various duties connected with the Royal Household. "Captain of the King's Flight" has always seemed to me one of the best. Another is "Master of the King's Musick". There is something very pleasantly archaic about that "k". And "Keeper of the Swans", reminding one of the majestic birds swimming about the upper reaches of the Thames, the gorgeous uniforms of the royal bargemen, and all the animated ceremonial of "swan-upping". What charming pictures it calls up!

The other day an earnest correspondent suggested in one of the newspapers that a very useful and welcome addition to the list would be "Keeper of the King's English". Whether or not his suggestion will be taken, there can be no question that something of the kind is needed nowadays. The poor old English language has been blitzed almost as effectively as more solidly material things.

So by all means let us have a "Keeper of the King's English", and let him be somebody like A. P. Herbert, who pounces on offenders with a grin, but with tooth and nail for all that. Pillory sinners, and make them eat their words—literally! But the chief difficulty, I am afraid, will be to find a pillory large enough, for we are all guilty, m'lad.

Representatives of the Church, medical profession and fourth estate were honored at the annual Convocation of University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. Recipients of the honorary D.C.L. degree were Dr. Wilder Penfield, famous director of Montreal Neurological Institute, B. K. Sandwell, editor of "Saturday Night" (both seated at left above), and Brigadier the Rev. Canon C. H. Hepburn, principal Protestant Chaplain of the Canadian Army, standing on right. Seated on right are G. H. Montgomery, Chancellor, who conferred the degrees, and Rev. Dr. Basil Jones, Vice-principal. Standing, left, D. C. Coleman, member of the Corporation, and centre, Jackson Dodds, member of Advisory Council of Bishop's College School. Photo by courtesy Sherbrooke Daily Record.



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THE OTHER PAGE

Fredericton Revisited: A Glimpse Of the Roberts Family's Home

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

IT IS a dream city.

Its setting is a dream,—a dream of curving blue water, low hills and blue-grey mist, and tree-tops, dusky to light.

It is founded on dreams, woven of dreams.

But other dreams vanish when you touch them. This remains.

By some magic, the dream holds form. It has the substance and staying power of the century-old brick built into the walls of the Rectory. It is as solid as the Brunswick street elms.

Time and wars and changes take its sons, but leave the dream city set aside from the world, real and unreal. . .

It was to this dream city that I returned after a quarter of a century.

I returned expecting to find Fredericton "changed". After all, it had been a child's dream,—the river and the hills; the elm-guarded, quiet streets; the green-sweeping river bank with its black, watching cannon; the grey granite drinking fountain topped by its ruddy lion; those spruce and meadow flanked roads leading back into the mysterious hills.

I was anaesthetized against the shock of pain.

Then, from the train window, the first view of the river opened out. Blue and moving in the sun, with the blue further shore fading out into May morning mist, it was the same. The train jolted on into a dream world. I was at home.

Past the window moved "the Mills", brick chimneys that seemed to tower to unbelievable heights when I was a child; little St. Margaret's Church to which I had walked a tremendous distance on a summer evening to hear my grandfather preach; stately, familiar houses, streets—and trees.

"Fredericton—all change!" called the conductor.

Or was it—"The end of the world—All change for Dream City!"

AT LEAST, I was in a dream as I walked to the Dream Cathedral to attend a Memorial Service; to kneel where long ago I had knelt, rather lost in the vastness, overwhelmed by grandeur of marble tomb and vaulted roof and stained glass.

The Cathedral had shrunk, of course, but it was the same. . . The people gathered there?. . . Some of them were familiar citizens of this dream world. But they meant strangely little. It was a magic of place, not of personalities which enwrapped me.

Not until the next afternoon when I sat in a pew of St. Anne's did people of that dream world take form. . .

In the strangely tiny pulpit, white-surpliced, hand upraised as though in blessing, stood a white-bearded man.

In a forward pew sat an erect, black-haired man decorously garbed in morning clothes,—a church warden, surely. Beside him, another ghost, a tender ghost which changed and scarcely took form, which seemed to pervade the little church and me. And beside her, a little boy.

But I had explored deep into the dream world before stepping into the Parish Church.

Before breakfast I had walked along St. John street, glimpsing the stately stone jail,—model for any architect commissioned to build a home of quiet dignity.

Again in memory I perched atop the board fence separating the garden of our St. John street "Little Glencoe" from the jail premises and exchanged friendly remarks with the desperadoes lying outstretched in the grass as they expiated their crimes at "hard labor".

I had turned into George street,—not "St. George", thank God! Coming from a province where the calendar of saints has been exhausted in the naming of streets and villages, I was beset by a lurking fear that even the street of my childhood would have been canonized.

There was the house. Not the same, and yet the same. There were the twin dormer windows, beyond one of which had slept my father and mother; beyond the other, my brother and myself. There was that eave overhanging the verandah roof in a corner of which I had spent many blissful hours,—hours regarded by my mother as perilous.

The elm tree where orioles used to nest was gone. Diminished in size seemed the stretch of grass that had been ours for ball games in summer, skating in winter. There stood the remains of the old barn that had been ours, too,—a veritable kingdom for two children. . .

And across the street still stood the red brick Rectory. Beyond its flanking fence I knew lay the dream garden;—the perfect garden. I would not venture to test that dream by close investigation. . .

IN THE morning, I turned to the hills.

There, in my childhood, had lain the land of dreams. All of beauty and happiness lay beyond the hills in those days. And the white hill roads running out of town led to that magic land.

There was College Hill road, and Maryland Hill road, and Poor House Hill,—and beyond that, up river, I believe Brick Hill road. And, down river, Forest Hill up which, in solemn procession, the urn containing a poet's ashes had been borne the afternoon before to a sanctified acre, sweet with the smell of cedars.

I struck across the tracks, where shunting engines had so often filled me with nightmare dread, across the marshy brook where I had caught minnows and pollywogs, and up the steep path to the University. I made my way through the university grounds to College Hill road.

Somehow, even the difficult brick buildings which had invaded the campus during that quarter century at the behest of a titled wizard overseas couldn't spoil College hill. Strange incongruities creep into dreams.

As of old, the "First Cross-Road" led to Maryland Hill. Tramping upward again it was hard to keep from turning back at every other step to rest one's eyes upon the town below, —the curving river, spanned by its two bridges,—and the picture-book Gibson shore.

And before beckoned mystery. There is no road like this road. I had learned that long ago. . .

AS OF old, the white-throat whistled on the further side of a clump of spruce, and I heard my father echo his notes.

"Old — Sam — Peabody, Peabody, Peabody—" he said. "There's Old Sam Peabody!"—And again I fitted the words to the sharp, haunting refrain. Again the bird's call from the spruce clump, biting deep into my heart.

How many Sunday afternoons had I lain beneath such a clump of spruces, gazing upward into such a sky, and heard my father echo that whistle;—smelt the new green spruce tips, tasted bitter sorel in my mouth.

And the wind talked among the spruces. What it said I know not. But it seemed to say—"We are the same, You are the same. Time is gone. Life is gone. This is eternity. You are part of it, and it of you."

The "Second Cross-Road" took me through swamp at this time of year. I should have remembered that, for often enough I had coated my legs with mud there. But I pushed on through, scaling a snake fence and jumping a miry brook to make it and reaching solid ground with a few pounds of mire sticking to my shoes and spattered over my suit.

Clean mud . . . clean as the white dust now clouding up about me at each step . . . clean as the violets bluely pointing that patch of grass beside the road. . .

It required strength of will to turn townward down Poor House Hill.

Nigger Hill, it had been called, too, because once a colored family dwelling in a tumble-down frame house at its edge had briefly numbered quadruplets in its roster. . . The quadruplets died one by one under the curious gaze of scores of Frederictonians who trudged up Poor House Hill to see the marvel.

It was before my time . . . a matter of history when I first walked the hill roads.

My sock was full of mud from a hole in my heel. When I reached Queen street I went into a shoe shine parlor to get cleaned up. . .

A few hours later the conductor called "All aboard!" and the dream city slipped away. The Mills slipped by the window, trees shut out the sun-touched blue water.

But I know the dream city is real now. Whatever magic holds it, it is there, beyond time. It is in my heart, too. And next time, I won't be afraid to go back lest it vanish, or take nightmare form.

The town, and the river, and Maryland Hill Road. . . "They are such stuff as dreams are made of—" and that is the stuff of eternity.

Reminiscent of Gustav Doré's paintings is this striking photograph of Marines wading ashore through the surf somewhere in the Marianas.

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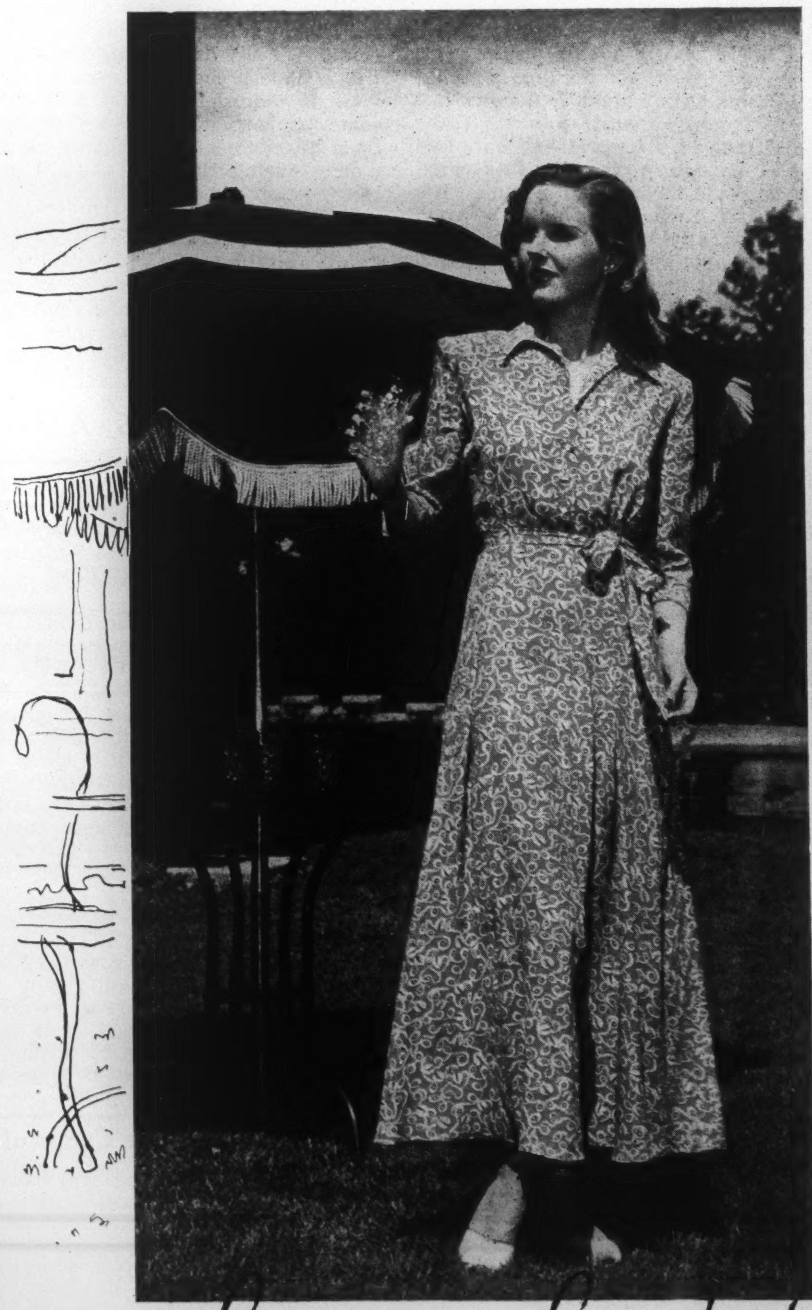

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 1, 1944

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

What Is the Dollar's Real Earning Power?

By W. A. McKAGUE

If governments succeed in their aim of keeping money cheap, then a revision of life insurance premiums, and in other savings plans, will be necessary.

What is the real long-term average earning power of money? Five per cent has been considered reasonable and three per cent conservative. Perhaps when the major disasters of history are reckoned with, says Mr. McKague, these rates are too high and one per cent would be a closer guess.

ABOUT once a month, on the average, some person digs up that old computation about how much one cent would amount to now, if the first man in the world had only had sense enough to deposit it in a bank, if he could have found a bank. It's amazing enough to make a good story at any time, but it does not prove anything, except to show either that there is something wrong with our mathematics, or that there is something wrong with our economics, or, what is more likely, that it is a mistake to multiply one science by another. The product of course comes to a sum greater than all the wealth in the world today. One of those early men must have possessed something which, by any species of valuation, would be the equivalent of what we know as a cent.

Most people, when faced with this conundrum, refuse to answer, but there are some who make bold to say that, since the absurdity is the outcome of compound interest, it proves that interest itself is absurd, or at least that it was not invented until modern times, and at best is a man-made device and therefore susceptible to any desired degree of control. Widespread adherence to this view is indicated by the fact that some of our governments declare their intention of maintaining cheap money during the war and the reconstruction period to follow.

In a broad economic sense, interest is possible because of the productivity of capital goods. Any person who can find time, in the course of the race for existence, to make a plough or a fish hook, thereby increases production, and fundamentally it makes no difference whether he or someone else uses the plough or the fish hook. If he does so himself, he is thenceforth operating as a capitalist as well as a laborer. If he lends his capital goods to someone else, he can demand, as part of the bargain, a share in the output. This reward is interest. The borrower can afford to pay it, and still be ahead.

Right of Ownership

But that very arrangement, however simple, assumes a number of other things which today are being questioned. It assumes the right of private ownership of goods, which the communist repudiates. It recognizes private ownership of capital goods, which is a narrower group, and which the whole-hearted socialist will not tolerate. We are not allowed to claim private ownership of anything as a natural right, because, without the backing of title deeds, and bills of sale, and policemen and the courts, there would be no safeguard of property rights. Accordingly, say the communist and the socialist, that which the state gives, it can also take away.

When the classical economist argues that the rate of interest is not controllable, because it is determined by supply and demand, by the bargaining of lenders with borrowers in a world market, he is assuming several other things as well. Besides private ownership, supported by the state, he takes it for granted that wealth is free to flow internationally;

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Why We Can Do It in Wartime

By P. M. RICHARDS

IF PRIVATE enterprise should fall in Canada—if the CCF should win a Dominion election and succeed in "nationalizing" all agencies of production and distribution (which, incidentally, would be quite a job)—responsibility for that fall would lie, I am convinced, chiefly on private enterprise itself. It would be due to two great sins of omission—to failure to familiarize the public with the values of the private enterprise system, and still more important, to laggardness in effecting social-economic reforms and improvements, the need for which is highlighted by the enormous wartime rise in industry's capacity to produce goods and services.

Rightly or wrongly, the public believes that the productive equipment of the country, if comprehensively organized for the tasks of peace as it has been for those of war, is now capable of producing an abundance of at least the common necessaries of man; and that, in this situation, it is a sin against God to permit anyone to suffer for the lack of them. To answer that such organization of the productive system would be infringement on the rights of private property and bring destruction of individual initiative and personal liberty seems to most people to be no answer at all. Liberty? Liberty for what? To starve in recurring periods of business depression? The state does not hesitate to conscript industry for war; why shouldn't it for peace? Cannot private owners be compensated?

It is nonsense, surely, to say that those who ask such questions, or most of them, are social saboteurs, wreckers, tearers-down trying to beguile the masses into accepting dictatorship and social-economic slavery. There may be such agitators among them, but to most of these questioners their attitude is wholly reasonable and logical. It is the insistence on the sanctity of private property, they think, that is illogical. These people are idealists, not saboteurs.

What They Don't Understand

What they don't understand, because it hasn't been explained to them, is that it isn't true to say that what we have done in war we can do in peace—that is, without subjecting ourselves to a degree of regimentation undreamed-of by these parlor socialists. We have achieved our astounding wartime increase in production because we, individually and collectively, have accepted the winning of the war as a necessity transcending all personal interests and considerations. We have *all* accepted it—labor, capital, agriculture; bus-drivers, fishermen, bankers, housewives, school children. In peace there would be no such willingness to subordinate ourselves to the common good—because we would not agree on what constituted the common good. If you doubt this, consider the constant conflicts between groups and classes over matters much less controversial, one might think, than those involved in the setting up of postwar state socialism.

It's often said that the cause of our enormous production increase in wartime is the outpouring of money by government, from which follows the suggestion that government must henceforth always be ready to spend on a similar scale to provide employment through public work projects, should the need arise. This attitude is wrong on two counts. One is that governmental credit is not limitless, any more than an individual's. John Jones works for a salary and has very little surplus purchasing power after paying his customary expenses of living. He feels that he cannot afford to turn in his old car for a new one this year. But if Jones cashes in his life insurance and sells his house and his car, he has enough money to take a trip around the world and live like a prince for a couple of years. Before Lease-Lend, Britain paid for her U.S. purchases of munitions by selling her foreign investments. Obviously there is a limit to that procedure, as there is in that of Mr. Jones.

The Cause of Our Wartime Rise

The real cause of our huge wartime rise in production is the existence of an assured market for everything produced. It can't be merely money, for private enterprise would certainly produce as abundantly in peacetime if it had the same assurance of demand large enough to keep production at capacity, at profit-giving prices. The government, needing vast quantities of war supplies of all kinds quickly, placed orders with all firms which could turn them out, with little initial regard for respective costs of production. Whatever the costs, they were part of the price of defeating Hitler and had to be paid. The turnover to war meant a decline in the volume of civilian goods produced, with the result that practically everything that was produced, even if inferior in quality and high-priced, found a ready buyer. Would a National Socialist Government operate this way in peacetime, supplying its people with goods determined by it rather than by them, assigning workers to tasks, fixing wages, governing their lives and movements? Would the people accept such a way of life?

However, the impracticalities of state socialism do not mean that society, with its hugely increased productive powers, should not endeavor to organize for the maximum attainable degree of production and the widest distribution of goods and services. The problem is how to do this, using whatever governmental powers are needed to co-ordinate the means of production and distribution, and at the same time preserve and strengthen the private enterprise system, with its socially-valuable incentives and rewards for individual initiative, energy, invention and thrift. If we could all accept this as an aim, it should not be impossible to reach agreements as to means.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

W. A. Brant

W. A. Brant, newly-appointed Ontario Securities Commissioner, assumes a most important post at a critical time, when the Province's mining industry needs promoters and developers, but honest ones, who will ensure that the money invested will go to spur mining production and not into the pockets of crooked mining salesmen.

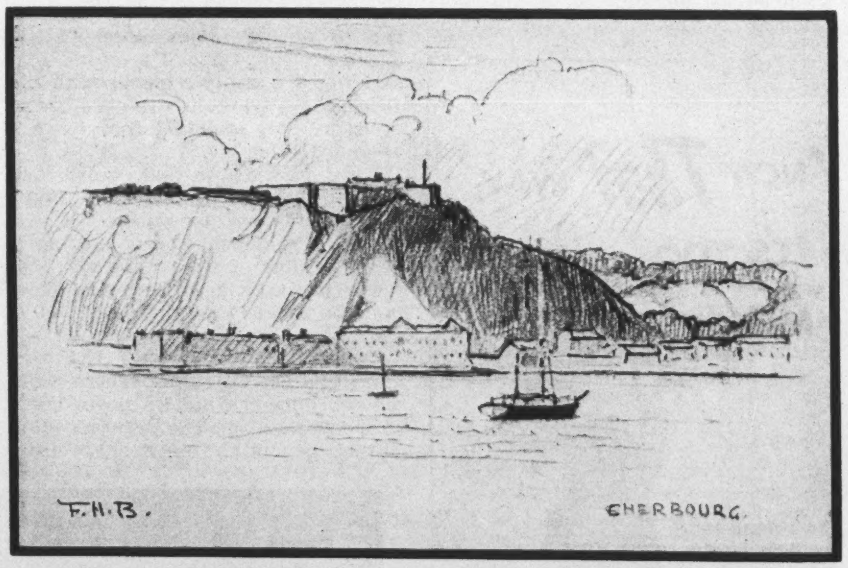
The general public's increasing interest in speculative mining undertakings could be an important contributing factor to the expansion of Canada's mineral resources, if that type of investment were protected by the elimination of the camp followers who give mining stock salesmen a bad name. Rigid registration and licensing will certainly tend to reduce the number of phony stock-pushers, but the man who will implement the new policy suggested by the Urquhart Mining Commission needs not only the extensive legal experience which Mr. Brant possesses in matters of supervising company capitalization and issuing stock—he must also have an appreciation of the difficulties inherent in financing legitimate ventures and not bear too heavily upon them, while at the same time seeking to eliminate the crooks.

What happens in Ontario, chief centre of Canadian mining promotion, will largely set the pattern for the other provinces, and any housecleaning done here will be up to Ontario's new Securities Commissioner.

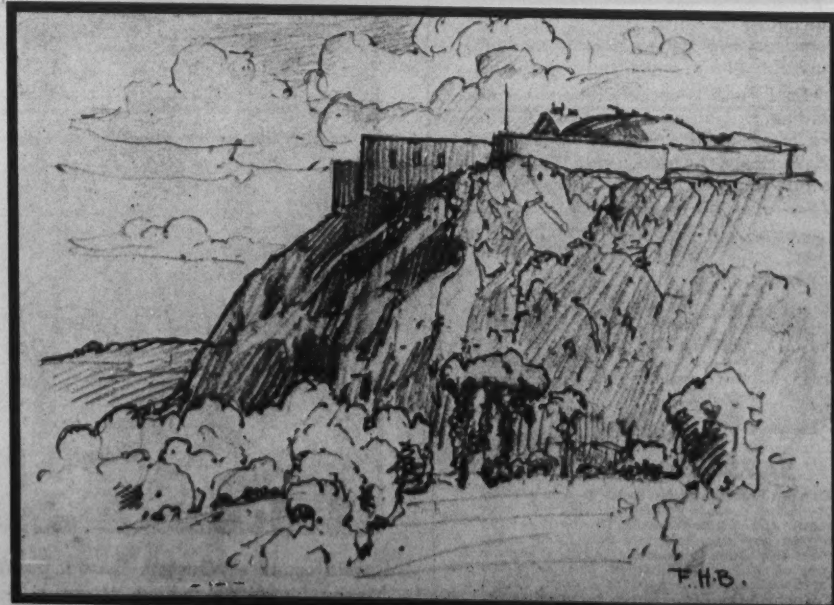
Toronto-born and educated, Mr. Brant is a product of the city's public schools and a graduate of Oakwood Collegiate. He studied law the hard way, as an articled clerk in a law office for five years, while at the same time attending lectures at Osgoode Hall. For the first two years, he received exactly $3.00 per week, and considered himself fortunate, as many would-be lawyers actually paid the firms to which they were articled for this legal apprenticeship.

Admitted to the Ontario Bar in 1923, he practised general law for seven years until 1930 when he went as solicitor in the Attorney-General's Department under Col. W. H. Price. He also served under Premier Drew at the time he was Ontario Securities Commissioner. In the past 14 years as solicitor and registrar, Mr. Brant has gained most extensive experience in the legal aspects of mining promotion, and what is more important has developed the knowledge and judgment which his present high post demands.

Aside from his wife and family (there are two small Brants) the new Commissioner finds relaxation in reading and fishing.



Twenty years ago when Fred H. Brigden, Toronto artist, made these pencil sketches of the picturesque fortress atop the rocky promontory overlooking Cherbourg harbor, it was not then the strongly fortified position which Germans defended so stubbornly before the great port finally fell. A second view of the fort below (sketched from the landward side) gives some idea of the strong defensive positions held by the Germans on the heights above the port which had to be knocked out before troops could gain entrance to city proper.



that freedom was much curtailed before the war, today it is nonexistent, and there is no assurance that it will be restored. Even deeper than that, is a denial of the very right to bargain.

In our wartime controls, which threaten to be projected in some measure indefinitely into the future, there is a tacit assumption that neither capital nor labor is free to bargain, and therefore that wealth has no more right to be hoarded than labor has to go on strike. The power of regulation may not be enough to override everything else. It has not been strong enough to keep wages down during the period of urgent war need, and it would have equal difficulty in keeping them up through a depression. The forces governing interest are equally strong.

But regulation may, in a certain country for a limited time, substantially modify rates. Further, the very existence of both workers and owners as independent groups seems to have been abolished in so many countries that there no longer is even the basis of a world market, and the international flow of capital, labor and organizing ability even before the war was governed more by political pressures than by individual aspirations.

Illustration

To take a homely illustration, the Province of Alberta decides that, having borrowed to the limit, it has more at stake in the amount of interest it pays on what it has already borrowed than it can possibly gain through further borrowing in the future. It decides to cut its immediate costs by repudiating part of its interest. In so doing it ceases to be any longer a normal borrower or repayer, and thereby quits the game, which it is able to do by reason of its sovereignty in respect of its own debt. Even before the war there were scores of instances of denial, by governments or by bodies politically powerful enough to get away with it, of what lenders had fondly hoped would be normal procedure for enforcement of security. Today, practically every government in the world is using propaganda, regulation, coercion or other devices at its disposal, for war production and finance, or for domestic problems arising out of the world war.

To make cheap money last, however, suitable economic conditions would have to be maintained. If there were profitable prosperity, interest rates would break any barrier that the government might try to impose. Perhaps we face a depression no matter what the governments attempt. In any event, if they try to distribute to workers the advantages of full employment and maximum output, they may have great difficulty in withholding from capital at least part of the reward which usually accompanies these conditions. Assuming that they are able, through taxation and control, to keep the forces of thrift and investment busy in a "profit-less prosperity", with enough pressure to keep interest rates down to about their current level, there will be other consequences to be faced. These in part have been carried over from the days of more liberal interest.

For example, life insurance reserves (and here is our old topic of compound interest back again) are calculated on three per cent and one-half per cent. If the government continues to borrow at three per cent, and subsidizes housing and other public enterprises so as to eliminate mortgage loans, and holds down corporate earnings to corresponding levels, then it will hardly be possible for the insurance companies to earn even a net average of three per cent, so that premium rates will have to be scaled up. The banks, loaded with short term government securities at nominal interest rates, have already cut savings depositors' interest from three per cent to one and one-half per cent, and if they become drawn still more deeply into the program for cheap government money they may be disposed to reduce it still further.

There are other situations which, while perhaps not so general, are more absurd in consequence of lowered interest rates, and which have been persistently ignored. Thus, why should a government, which when it borrows insists that three per cent is the limit, claim five per cent interest when a citizen gets behind with his income tax? Two rates for money should not prevail, and whatever is charged by the government on what is owed to it, above what it pays when it owes, is in the nature of a penalty rather than of interest.

Again, income value of a capital fund is cut so low that the incidence of any tax on capital becomes unduly severe in terms of income. Thus when living costs were lower and money could earn five per cent, an estates tax commencing at $25,000 for near dependents was reasonable, because that amount could produce a living of $1,200 a year. But with income at three per cent, and money depreciated, it produces only $750 a year, which is less than a living by any standard that the government would endorse.

Succession Duty

Under the Dominion succession duty levy, the tax starts on an inheritance, by the closest relatives, at $5,000. Just why the government should bonus workers earning up to $2,100 a year and even higher, and at the same time impose a capital levy on those dependent upon a fund worth only $750 a year, is not clear on grounds of equity, though it may be in accord with a socialistic trend designed to dissolve all capital accumulations of any consequence by taxation and by compelling their owners to convert into annuities for purposes of existence. This particular situation, coupled with the reduction in interest rates, seems designed to tolerate the saving of a few thousand dollars, but to discourage the extension of thrift to levels which would create a taxable estate. In short, the government is quite content to allow you to have enough in bonds or annuities to save it an old age pension, but promptly becomes hostile in the event of further accumulation.

Perhaps, after all, five per cent interest was a delusion established in those few centuries when individualism was an ideal and wealth in particular was sacred. For long centuries before it, when cities were ravished and castles sacked, when a sea voyage was a project for adventurers only, wealth was anything but secure. For a long time to come, possibly, the governments will take over where the warriors left off, in a program for the conversion of wealth to socialistic uses. If that is so, then we never should have figured on five per cent, or even three per cent, as the normal earning power of capital.

The world's economic history, by and large, is one of very intermittent successes, spaced out by slaughter, and persecution, and plague, and famine. Perhaps capital cannot average, in the long run, more than one per cent gain per annum. Such a rate might, if anyone cares to calculate it, measure the growth of whatever primitive man possessed, into the world's wealth of today. If it works out right, it at least will save the face of compound interest, and enable us to keep faith in our mathematics and in our economics.

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A Few Facts About New Brunswick of Interest to Every Canadian . . .

NEW BRUNSWICK'S growing forest industry holds first place in the Province's total production. Last year the value of forest products was estimated at $64,000,000, an increase of $8,000,000 over 1942. The pulp and paper mills used 817,000 cords of wood. Saw mills produced 300,000,000 board feet of lumber. The world's largest veneer plant, located in New Brunswick, turned out 180,000,000 square feet of aircraft veneer. Our foresters claim that present production can be continued and increased by efficient protection and management and that there are many opportunities in the forest industries, as well as in the closely related fields of sport and recreation.

In agriculture too there are many opportunities for development. Last year, a single crop — potatoes — had an estimated value of $20,000,000. New Brunswick grew one quarter of all the potatoes raised in Canada in 1943.

The products of our fishing waters include such delicacies as lobsters, oysters and smelt, though this province may be better known for its sporting salmon. Cod, haddock, herring and clams make up the larger part of the fisheries production.

Coal, iron ore, gypsum, limestone, natural gas and oil are the more important mineral products. There are also extensive bogs of high quality peat moss which are being developed for a growing variety of uses.

To assist in the development of natural resources and industries suited to our conditions, New Brunswick has recently created a Resources Development Board. This organization will study the problems of both primary and secondary industries and make information and technical advice available to the people and the government.

Provincial finances have never been more sound. At the end of the last fiscal year, a record surplus on ordinary account stood at $1,742,950.

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JOHN B. McNAIR
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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

L. A. C., Pinch Lake, B.C.—If purchased with the long-term view, I consider shares of MALARTIC GOLD FIELDS as having excellent speculative possibilities. Production at present is seriously curtailed due to war conditions, being only around 600 tons daily, but development appears to warrant an increase to about 2,000 tons daily as soon as economic conditions justify it. In the meantime the company is building up a most satisfactory ore position for future operations and its cash position is also satisfactory. Hence, once normalcy returns production and profits should be rapidly increased. A very large ore potential is indicated in the No. 2 shaft area west of the original and present productive body. A program of lateral diamond drilling at the 1,250-foot level to explore this west ore area for the downward continuation of the large orebodies now practically fully developed on three levels to a vertical depth of 450 feet was recently commenced. The chances of their extension to depth is regarded as quite favorable.

G. J. C., Trail, B.C. — Earnings of DISTILLERS CORPORATION—SEAGRAMS LTD. for the 3 months ended April 30, 1944 (third quarter of the current fiscal year) would have been fairly close to those of earlier quarters this year but for the impact of the U.S. Federal Excise Tax of $3 per proof gallon of floor stock at April 1. Under the

International Petroleum Company

ADDITION of a quarter interest in the production of the Mene Grande Oil Company of Venezuela, acquired late in 1938, to that of the company's own wells in Peru and Colombia has greatly increased the potential production of International Petroleum Company, Limited. International Petroleum is controlled by Imperial Oil Limited, enjoys a large market for its products on the North American Continent, where rationing of petroleum products for civilian use has been largely offset by war requirements, and before the war large shipments were made to Continental European markets. The war and resulting unfavorable shipping conditions has not permitted the company to fully utilize the expanded productive capacity, although there was an increase in production in 1943 to 28,912,657 bbls. from 25,994,378 bbls. in 1942.

This increase in production was made possible because more tankers were available to carry the crude to market, and came late in the year. However, the 1943 production, which included crude obtained through the interest in Mene Grande, was well below that of 34,359,489 bbls. from the company's own wells in the 12 months ended June 30, 1938. As the shipping situation continues to improve further increases in production can be anticipated and it is expected the Continental European markets will be reopened to the company after the war. A return to normal operating conditions will find International Petroleum with ample reserves for increased production, and in a sound financial position.

Expressed in terms of U.S. currency, net profit for the year ended December 31, 1943, of $15,973,549 was equal to $1.10 per share, compared with $13,611,625 and 94c a share for 1942. A drop in earnings from $28,771,150 for the 12 months ended June 30, 1938, to $13,611,625 in 1942 is an indication of the effect conditions brought about by the war have had on the company's earnings, and it may be that the upturn in the last year marks a reversal of the trend. For some years International Petroleum shareholders received special distributions out of surplus. These distributions were discontinued under Foreign Exchange Control Board regulations and earned surplus since has increased by over $7,000,000 from $16,713,850 at the end of 1940 to $23,976,597 at the end of 1943.

Of the total purchase price of approximately $50,000.00 for the quarter interest in production of Mene Grande Oil only $6,227,798 remained to be paid at December 31, 1943, and of this balance $1,442,406 is payable in the current year and the remainder on a per barrel production basis on or before December 15, 1945. At the end of last year an excellent liquid position was reported with net working capital of $47,069,207 an increase from $40,711,748 at December 31, 1942, and $27,404,954 at June 30, 1938. Current assets of $55,592,055 were many times current liabilities of $8,522,848. Cash on hand of $25,456,680 was almost 3 times total current liabilities, and in addition to cash the company held investments of $8,372,722.

Outstanding capital at December 31, 1943, consisted of 200,000 preferred shares of $2.50 par value and 14,324,088 common shares of no par value. The preferred shares are noncallable and have the right to elect two-thirds of the Board of Directors. Both classes of stock rank equally with respect to dividends. Current annual dividend rate is $1 per share, payable in Canadian funds. The rate was reduced from $1.50 per share in the final six months of 1940. In the years 1934-1939, inclusive special distributions were made to shareholders.

International Petroleum Company, Limited, was incorporated in 1920 with a Dominion Charter and is controlled by Imperial Oil Limited. The Company and subsidiaries are engaged in producing, refining, marketing and exporting crude oil. Producing and refining operations are conducted chiefly in Colombia and Peru where valuable concessions are held. Through a subsidiary concessions covering 4,600,000 acres are held in Ecuador where surface exploration, both geological and geophysieal, was continued in 1943 and is now nearing completion. Four exploratory wells were completed on these concessions in 1943 without production being found and the work will be completed at a more rapid rate as additional material and supplies become more easily available, the annual report for 1943 states. International Petroleum also owns a substantial interest in the capital stock of Andian National Corporation, Limited, operating a pipeline from the interior to the coast of Colombia.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1938-1943, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Dividends
	High	Low.	Per Share-a	High	Low	Per Share-b
1943	24	17	$1.10	21.8	15.5	$1.00
1942	17⅜	11¼	0.94	18.4	12.0	1.00
1941	16	13¼	1.23	18.0	10.8	1.00
1940	24	12¼	0.94	25.5	18.0	1.25
1939	29	18⅜	1.19	24.4	15.4	1.75
1938	31½	22	1.97-c	16.0	11.2	2.50-c
Average 1943-1938				19.2	12.8	
Approximate Current Average				19.7		
Approximate Current Yield				4.6%		

a—In U.S. Funds.
b—In Canadian funds and including special disbursements.
c—For fiscal year ended June 30, 1938.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938-y
Net Profit-x	$15,973,549	$13,611,825	$17,858,625	$13,629,568	$17,290,474	$28,771,150
Surplus	23,976,597	21,206,764	21,932,444	16,713,850	19,588,927	34,287,161
Current Assets	55,592,056	48,756,219	48,890,008	30,905,689	29,747,366	64,956,420
Current Liabilities	8,522,848	8,044,471	11,531,962	9,858,580	7,733,286	37,551,466
Net Working Capital	47,069,207	40,711,748	37,358,046	21,047,109	22,014,080	27,404,954
Cash	25,456,680	25,826,010	28,234,130	11,726,608	8,359,027	9,300,885
Investments	8,372,722	2,874,905	1,408,299	1,356,876	2,787,206	8,486,343

x—In U.S. Funds. y—For Fiscal Year Ended June 30, Other Years Ended December 31.

J. P. LANGLEY & CO.
C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants
Toronto Kirkland Lake

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CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $61,000,000

CAPITAL TRUST
CORPORATION LIMITED

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 230

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1944 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday, 1st August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th June 1944. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD
General Manager
Toronto 16th June 1944

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of July, 1944.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of August to Shareholders of record of the 30th day of June, 1944.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of August to Shareholders of record of the 14th day of July, 1944.

By Order of the Board.
Montreal, June 19, 1944.
C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Chartered Trust and Executor Company

DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the quarter ending June 30th, 1944, payable July 1st, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15th, 1944.

By order of the Board.
E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.
Dated at Toronto,
May 18, 1944.

"last-in, first-out" method of determining the cost of inventories which the company adopted for its U.S. subsidiaries in its July 31, 1943 and subsequent statements, this tax had the effect in April of reducing inventory and profit before tax by $4,764,280 (U.S.) and of lowering income and excess profits taxes by $2,941,370, resulting in a net decrease of $1,822,910 or $1.04 a share in net profit after taxes for the quarter ended April 30, 1944. In other words, had it not been for the impact of this tax, net profit actually reported for the quarter of $479,757, equal after preferred dividends to 18 cents a share on the common, would have been increased by $1,822,910 or $1.04 a share to $2,302,667, or $1.22 a common share, after preferred dividends.

J. L. S., Montreal, Que.—I regard HAYES CADILLAC MINES shares as having some speculative merit. As a result of a recently completed magnetometer survey, exploratory drilling of five zones was recommended and a contract let. A special meeting has been called for June 19, at which shareholders will be asked to approve an increase in capitalization from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 shares. It is reported the company has entered into an agreement to acquire another group of claims in Louvicourt township.

A. J. C., Bala, Ont.—In connection with the current financing of CANADIAN BREWERIES LTD., company officials estimate that for the year ending Oct. 31, 1944, the net profits available for dividends on the preference shares will exceed $1,300,000, in which estimate is included the refundable portion of excess profits taxes. For the years ended Oct. 31 in previous years, earnings available for dividends have been reported as follows: 1943, $850,928; 1942, $826,805; 1941, $620,901; 1940, $510,825; 1939, $419,213 and 1938, $418,694. In the foregoing figures the estimated refundable tax was included in 1942 and 1943, amounting to $63,000 and $334,500 respectively. Allowing for dividends on the 202,304 shares of preferred outstanding at April 30, 1944, giving effect to current financing the estimated earnings for the year ending October 31, 1944, would exceed 82 cents a share on the 750,000 shares of common stock, including refundable tax, against 40 cents earned in the previous year, taking credit for 46 cents refundable tax. With a high percentage of current taxable income subject to the 100% excess profits tax, relief from this levy would be sharply reflected in net income. This, coupled with the fact that during the formative period of the present organization immediate profits often have been sacrificed for more permanent benefits, appears to be the basis for the management's confidence in ability to pay a common dividend assuming reasonable postwar taxes.

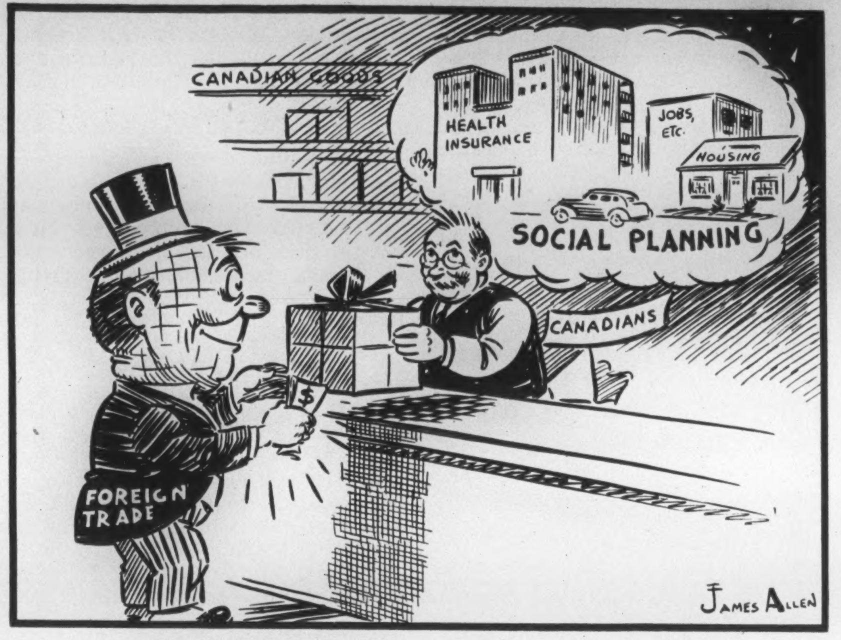
W.L., Essex, Ont. — I, too, have very little information concerning WINRIVE TIN PROSPECTING SYNDICATE, and consider it doubtful if any activity is now underway. The tin discovery which led to the staking of claims in the Manitoba area proved disappointing and the interests doing the exploration withdrew. As a consequence of this, very little work was done on the other properties in the vicinity.

R.R.W., Galt, Ont.—Assets of LAMAQUE CONTACT GOLD MINES were disposed of to BORCUMAQUE GOLD MINES on an exchange basis of approximately one new (pooled) for four old shares, but the distribution was never made. Borcumaque later relinquished its charter having given up its properties. While Lamaque Contact is still in existence, finances would have to be secured together with a new property interest and there has been no hint of such plans.

A.L.P., Three Rivers, Que. — Best results since 1931-32 are shown in the annual report of DOMINION SQUARE CORPORATION for the year ended April 30, 1944, revealing in part at least the basis for the advance in the first mortgage 4's of 1959 from a level well below 60 in the early war years to their current price around 85. With the building fully rented at the present time, the company was able despite rental restrictions and other wartime difficulties to earn $239,494 available for interest and depreciation, comparing with $140,399 three years ago and covering interest of $129,969 with a margin of $109,525 to provide for estimated income and excess profits taxes of $5,525 and to apply $104,000 to depreciation reserve. Larger cash earnings enabled the company to purchase $154,750 of the bonds at an average indicated price of around 78, reducing the outstanding total to $3,189,000—a reduction of $328,500 in the past five years. Some government leases are subject to cancellation on short notice but they represent a low percentage of the rentable area.

A. W. R., Moncton, N.B.—While exploration is planned this year for the YELLOREX GOLD MINES property, adjoining Negus on the south, I have not yet heard of this work having commenced. So far little is known of the possibilities of this property which is controlled by B.E.A.R. A geological examination has been carried out and it is proposed to follow this by diamond drilling.

B. W. P., Toronto, Ont.—I regard the outlook for CENTRAL PATRICIA GOLD MINES as quite favorable. The mine is in excellent shape physically and depth results satisfactory. The ore which has been developed on the four new lower levels has added several years to the life of the mine. Net profit of 18 cents per share in 1943 compared with 19.3 cents the previous year and 12 cents was paid in dividends. Speculative attraction is added to the shares by options taken on a controlling interest in two Red Lake properties and the company plans to continue the policy of examining and acquiring worthwhile prospects.



TO SEE HOPES FULFILLED, WE MUST SELL OUR GOODS

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

No Tree Grows to the Sky

BY HARUSPEX

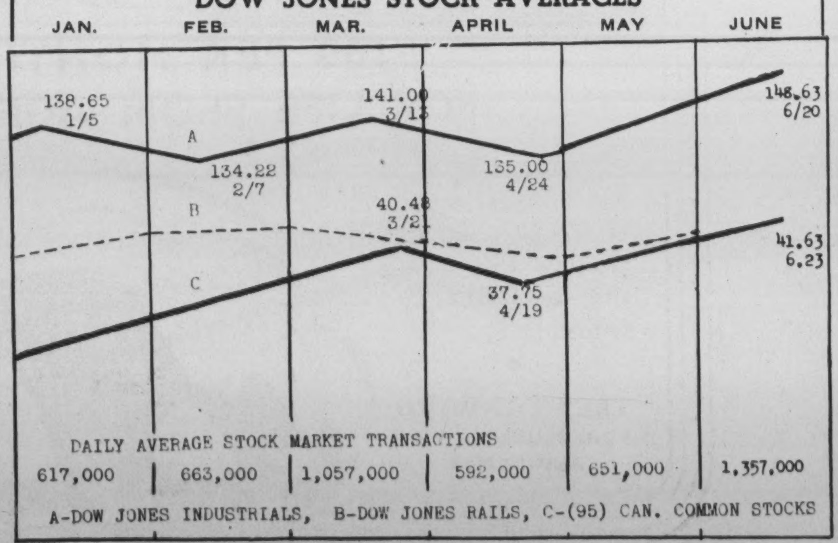
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943 preparatory to eventual cyclical decline. Current strength regarded as renewal of distributive tactics. THE SHORT TERM TREND: June strength in the rail and industrial averages confirmed the short term trend as upward. See discussion to follow.

During the stock market advance getting under way in late April 1942, at which time this Forecast advised stock purchases, the Dow-Jones Rail and Industrial Averages considered jointly have effected four decisive penetrations of previous peaks, the last of which appeared in June 1944. Each such penetration has reconfirmed the underlying trend as upward, giving the current bull swing a life of some 26 months to June 1944.

The first upward penetration in a bull swing signals reversal in trend and induces considerable buying of shares. Successive penetrations, or reconfirmations of the trend, grow progressively weaker in significance. This is for the reason that each such successive penetration is necessarily one stage closer to the culmination of the movement and there is the knowledge that there will be a last penetration that just precedes the end. It will be recalled that the 1937 bull market ended four days after joint penetration by the averages of the previous 1936 peak.

Recent penetrations do not, therefore, guarantee further substantial advance. Were considerable enthusiasm and buying to be engendered, however, the market might carry another 10% to 15%, say, to 160/165 on the industrial average. In any event, current strength should be used to build up substantial cash reserves, if this has not been previously effected, via sale of stocks. Remaining stock holdings could be retained on the basis of higher postwar market prospects. Should the market currently discount favorable postwar earnings projections, additional selling of stocks will be advisable. "No tree ever grows to the sky"..

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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	Year Ended Dec. 31, 1943	Average Five Years 1939-43
Net Earnings......	$9,322,977	$7,812,712
Depreciation.......	4,583,291	4,324,650

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Price: 102.50 and interest, to yield about 5.28%

Descriptive circular furnished upon request.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Institutional Advertising Now An Important Factor in Business

By GEORGE GILBERT

It is now recognized that it is not enough for a business to carry on its operations in a manner to deserve public approval but that the public must be kept informed as to the facts which show that it is actually doing so.

Among various methods employed for the purpose, institutional advertising of an educational nature has proved very effective in the case of life insurance in bringing about a better understanding of the business and the value of the services it renders in the community.

ALTHOUGH the life insurance business is essentially a co-operative undertaking—entirely so as transacted by mutual organizations and predominantly so as carried on by stock companies—there is still a tendency on the part of the general public to regard it, on account of the great volume of its transactions and assets, as just another "big business" engaged in the process of making all the money it can for its directors and shareholders.

It is true that this attitude is not so noticeable in Canada as in the United States. Public enlightenment as to the real nature of life insurance and the value of the services it renders in the community is evidently further advanced in this country, and this may be attributed in no small measure to the steady campaign of educational publicity carried by the associated life insurance companies in Canada since 1921.

It has been pointed out before that public opinion is not rationed. Further, it is not fixed, but changes with the acquisition of information, and is also influenced by economic conditions, by periods of prosperity and by depressions. As the public, so far as the life insurance business is concerned, comprises the entire population of territories in which it carries on its operations, it must be constantly alert to the attitude of the masses. That this attitude may be favorable at the present time, or at any time, is no guarantee that it will continue to be favorable in the future.

Those charged with the administration of the business must not only conduct it in a manner to continue to deserve public approval, but must see to it that the public is kept fully informed as to how it is operating in the public interest. Because life insurance is so widespread in the country, and because all institutions engaged in the business have so much in common, there is no question that it is the part of wisdom for them to act together in these educational campaigns if the best results are to be achieved in bringing about a better understanding on the part of the masses of the co-operative enterprise in which they are engaged.

It is satisfactory to observe that this educational publicity is to be continued. During the 1943-4 campaign just closed, the material published was well-designed to accomplish its general objectives, which were: "(1) To emphasize the democratic, co-operative character of the business. (2) To inform policyholders and the general public of the vital part played by life insurance in the economy of individuals and of the nation, in war-time as in peace-time. (3) To present this truth so that all will agree that it is good citizenship to own life insurance."

Assets at Work

One of these advertisements answered the question of the average policyholder as to what becomes of the premiums he pays for his insurance. It was pointed out that the money becomes part of tne assets held by the life insurance companies in Canada which are the common property of the four million policyholders in this country, and that these assets are not lying idle in the vaults of the companies but are being utilized to promote the progress and welfare of the people.

For example, some of these assets have built docks in the Maritimes, some of them have built grain elevators on the prairies, and some have gone into highways on the Pacific Coast. But since the war started most of them have gone into Victory Bonds to bring the conflict to a successful conclusion. Thus the policyholders have been informed that their premium dollars are aiding materially in the war effort. They have also been advised of the wisdom of buying some of these Bonds on their own account, and of holding on to them.

Another advertisement emphasized the fact that individual independence is the most precious and the most difficult to guard of all human treasures; that our pioneers put up a grim battle for their independence, and that today we are fighting an even grimmer battle to hold and save the independence they sought; that they had faith in their own energy and enterprise and with that energy and faith they built this nation; that ours is the task to defend it, and not the nation only but the rights of the individual—the right to think and act and embark on any proper enterprise a man chooses.

A Democratic Business

It was also pointed out that dictators have risen in many lands in many ages to wrest independence from their peoples, and that in this late day we are fighting again to restore it to the enslaved peoples of the world; that here at home each man protects his own independence by frugality and thrift, and that that is why life insurance has become the business of four million Canadians—a great, voluntary, co-operative business, as close to the pattern of democracy as any business can get. It grew because the people needed it, and it is being maintained because people rely on it for their individual security and comfort and peace of mind.

Another advertisement pointed out that life insurance carries into practice the principle of democracy—that all men are equal—as, in it, regardless of position or of means, each policyholder pays for what he gets and gets what he pays for; that in it the dollars of the poor man get the same trusteeship as the dollars of the rich; that when you buy life insurance you know that you become a co-sharer with others in the partnership your togetherness creates.

Policyholders also know that their common fund of savings is securely at the call of all those who participate in it, when emergency arises, and that through the years of wars and depressions, panics and epidemics, life insurance in Canada has never failed to meet its policy obligations promptly and in full. They have seen over the years how competition, within the free frame of democracy, has developed strong life insurance companies whose assets belong to the people they serve, and that these companies offer an outstanding modern example of how individual planning and enterprise, under Government supervision, can produce the maximum financial benefit for all kinds and classes of people.

Protection of the people by the people in the manner in which it is provided by the regularly registered life insurance institutions operating in Canada is the most comprehensive as well as the safest way in which the principle of co-operation can be applied to such an undertaking in a free country. Nothing would be gained, while much would be lost, by the substitution of a Government monopoly of life insurance in place of the present voluntary system which has served the people so well in the past and is steadily developing improved methods and policy plans so as to keep on furnishing better and better service in the years ahead.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like a report on the insurance company which writes group insurance on members of credit unions. It is called the Cuna Mutual Insurance Society and has its head office at Madison, Wisconsin. Is it licensed in Canada and has it assets in this country to protect Canadian policyholders?

—M. S. W., Toronto, Ont.

Cuna Mutual Insurance Society of Madison, Wisconsin, with Canadian headquarters at Hamilton, Ont., was incorporated and commenced business in 1935, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since November 1, 1942. It is regularly licensed in this country, and has a deposit of $102,200 at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. Its total assets in Canada at December 31, 1942, the latest date for which Government figures are available, were $109,692, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $9,062, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $100,630. It is authorized to transact the business of life insurance in this country, and is safe to insure with. Its head office financial statement shows total admitted assets at the end of 1942 $743,496; total liabilities, including reserves, of $233,806; and a surplus as regards policyholders of $433,045.

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Ask for particulars of Pension Bonds (stating age) from the local Branch Office.

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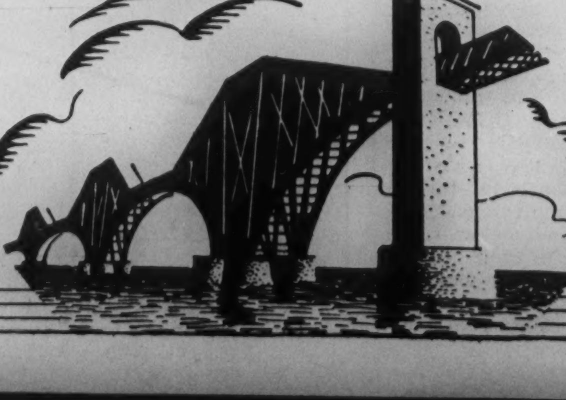

NEWS OF THE MINES

Base Metal Shares Reflect an Improving Postwar Prospect

By JOHN M. GRANT

INDICATIVE of the belief that post-war prospects for Canada's base metal industry, excepting perhaps the smaller high-cost producers, appear quite favorable, is the strength in the shares of the senior, or older established mines, index of which recently on the Toronto Stock Exchange attained a new peak for the current year. While it is true there will be large surpluses of metal in the hands of the government when hostilities cease the situation will be entirely different than when the first world war ended.

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The amount of scrap after the war is expected to be huge but reconstruction will be on a much greater scale than following the last armistice. Further metal prices today are at levels about comparable with those before the conflict started and this will obviate any severe downward readjustment such as took place in 1920 to 1922. In addition the government has formed a corporation to provide an orderly marketing of surplus war materials and equipment.

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The outlook for zinc as previously pointed out in this column is bright due to the depletion of the United States resources. The picture for lead is also favorable as heavy imports are likely to be required across the border. In copper there is likely to be a large refined surplus and considerable scrap. Its use however, should expand in postwar construction and the possibilities of a better empire understanding in copper should provide an outlet for the Dominion's producers. Aluminum and magnesium are reported in over-supply, but extensive research, particularly as regards the former, should provide new peacetime markets.

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Canada's present position with respect to the more important raw material supplies was outlined at the recent Canadian Manufacturers' Association annual meeting by J. Gerald Godsoe, Chairman, Wartime Industries Control Board, and Coordinator of Controls. Aluminum, he stated, was in ample supply, with a surplus available for other than essential domestic uses and for export, but fabricating facilities is a limiting factor. An output of 5,300 short tons of magnesium is anticipated for 1944. There are no restrictions on its use in Canada, but approximately 80% of the output is exported to United Kingdom. As regards nickel output this year is expected to be over 100,000 tons, with Canadian consumption about 2,250 tons. He stated that the margin between total production and total demand was small but that stocks were increasing. Some relaxation of control over other than essential small purchases is permitted.

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Supply of copper, Mr. Godsoe stated, was adequate for essential requirements but was in short international supply. Production of lead is expected to be 160,000 tons of refined, a considerable reduction from 1943, due to labor shortage. Lead, he said, is available for all Canadian demands and about 60,000 tons are likely to be used in Canada this year. Estimated 1944 requirements of zinc are slightly lower than 1943 consumption and should be met without difficulty. Tin remains on the critical list. The output of 600,000 pounds of metal as a by-product from lead-zinc mining is anticipated this year, along with 250,000 pounds from detinning plants.

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McIntyre Research Ltd., owning patent rights covering the use of aluminum dust for the treatment and prevention of silicosis, has during the past year licensed many plants, both in Canada and the United States, where those employed are subjected to the silicosis hazard. Since September 1, 1943, Dr. W. D. Robson, formerly chief surgeon of McIntyre Porcupine at Schumacher, and co-discoverer of the process, has been in charge of the work as chief medical director. Most of the quartz mines in the Dominion are now either using or preparing to use the process, and some 6,000 men are receiving prophylactic treatment daily.

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A subsidiary—East Sullivan Mines—has been formed by Sullivan Consolidated Mines, northwestern Quebec gold producer, to develop its No. 3 group of claims in Bourlamaque township. Holdings consist of approximately 3,000 contiguous acres on which diamond drilling last year yielded numerous sections of core carrying encouraging gold values. Preparations for extensive development of the property are now proceeding and the company will have practically the same direction and management as the parent company.

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Ore reserves at Young-Davidson Mines are the largest in the history of the mine, amounting to 3,000,000 tons, of which 1,300,000 tons are broken. Several years ago a drive was started on the fourth level to develop the northeast corner of the property where there is believed to be a substantial body of ore. The drive had to be stopped, however, due to the acute manpower shortage. At present, due to the ground being frozen in the open pit, operations have to be suspended during the winter, hence, it is important this drive be completed as soon as possible, so that operations can be maintained during the winter months.

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McIntyre Porcupine Mines Ltd., had 514 employees in His Majesty's Service at the end of last March.

Manufacturers:

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You may have paused for a moment, in the midst of your war production, to ask: *"What are my post-war problems likely to be?"*

We, too, are giving thought to such problems and are making preliminary estimates of our customers' probable requirements in peacetime after victory.

You may think the time has arrived to discuss such matters with your banker. If so, we shall be glad to have you come in and talk with us.

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Be a Good Citizen —
Avoid the "Black Market"

A "Black Market" in anything, from an automobile tire to a jar of marmalade, is bad medicine for a country. It may cause inflation and inflation would send prices skyrocketing so high that the average one of us would be left holding the bag—with nothing in it.

No, sir! Let's all be good citizens and stick to our ration books. Ration books are the greatest preventive we have against inflation and all the distress that would follow. By the way, they have inflation in China—eggs are one dollar each.

Contributed by

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BREWERY — MONTREAL

LET'S ALL DO MORE TO WIN THE WAR

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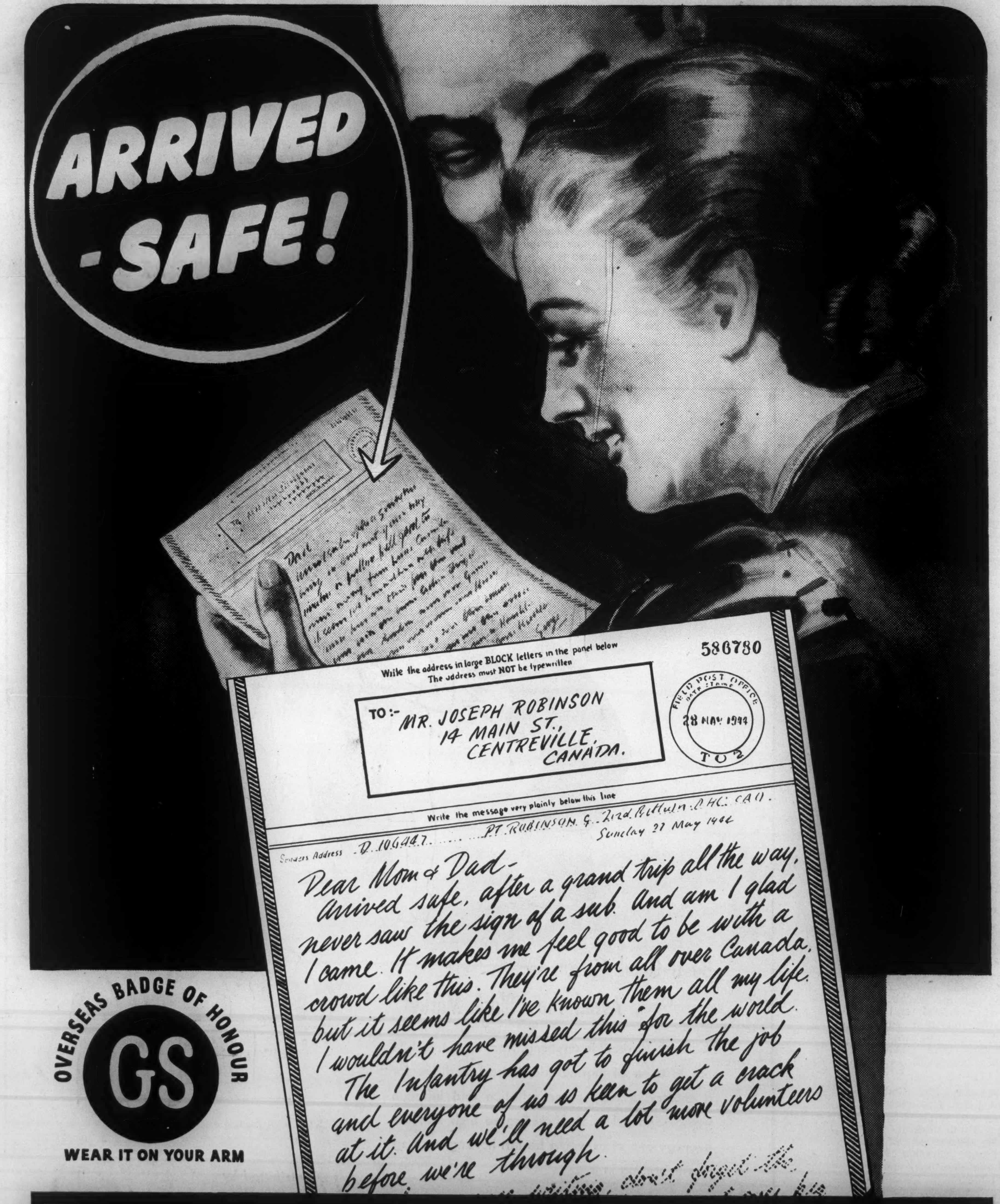
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586780

Write the address in large BLOCK letters in the panel below
The address must NOT be typewritten

TO :- MR. JOSEPH ROBINSON
14 MAIN ST.,
CENTREVILLE,
CANADA.

FIELD POST OFFICE
28 MAY 1944
TO 2

Write the message very plainly below this line

Senders Address D. 106447. PT. ROBINSON. G.. [illegible]
Sunday 27 May 1944

Dear Mom & Dad -
Arrived safe, after a grand trip all the way. And am I glad never saw the sign of a sub. I came. It makes me feel good to be with a crowd like this. They're from all over Canada, but it seems like I've known them all my life. I wouldn't have missed this for the world.
The Infantry has got to finish the job and everyone of us is keen to get a crack at it. And we'll need a lot more volunteers before we're through.

OVERSEAS BADGE OF HONOUR
GS
WEAR IT ON YOUR ARM

VOLUNTEER TO-DAY

JOIN THE CANADIAN ARMY FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE